JOHN BULL, week ending MARCH 28, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1867

3D EVERY THURSDAY

BE FAIR TO OURSELVES By A.G.G.

SOVIET CHILDREN V. HITLER!

THE REAL BUDGET PROBLEM By the EDITOR

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN YOU'VE HAD A GUINNESS

Guinness is GOOD for you

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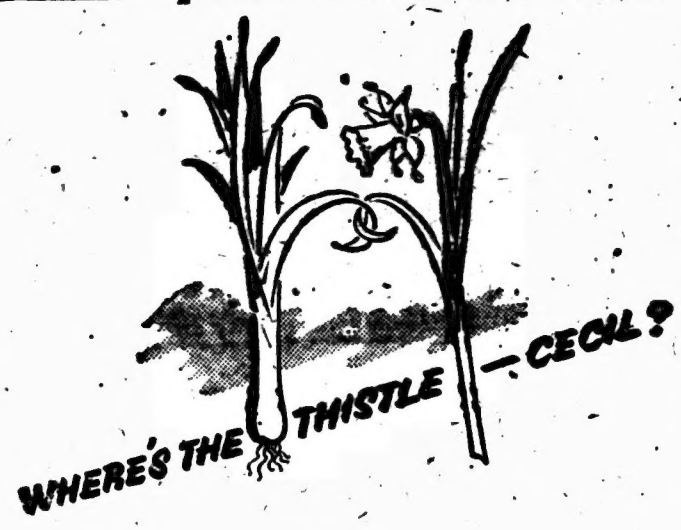

Perhaps the answer to this is best left to ITMA fans. But the question the Brains Trust had to cope with was, which is the original Welsh emblem — the leek or the daffodil? The leek won easily, and once again Brains Trust enthusiasts enjoyed a splendid session. Many thousands of fortunate Mullard owners listened with perfect confidence, knowing that their Sets and Valves would, as usual, give them unfailing, unrivalled reception. Reason enough, when supplies are once more available, for them again to choose . . . MULLARD.

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A NEW AND SIMPLER PLAN

The present arrangements for free and cheap milk, cod liver oil and fruit juices come to an end on March 31st. To get your supplies after that date you have to fill in only one Application Form which covers all three schemes. This form is ready now at your Food Office and you should get it and fill it in this week for certain. You will find all the necessary instructions printed on the form. After filling it in, you should return it immediately to the Food Office *with the main Ration Book of every applicant whose name you have filled in.*

✔ The Food Office will return the Ration Books within forty-eight hours, and will supply special pages for sticking into them. These will be all you need to get supplies.

✔ If you have applied for *liquid milk*, your retailer will be notified direct by the Food Office; you need do nothing after you have sent in the Application Form. *Dried Milk* will be distributed in the same way as at present.

✔ *Cod Liver Oil* and *Fruit Juices* will still be obtainable at the present distribution centres, and in future you will not be tied to any particular centre. (Don't forget to take your Ration Books with you when you go to collect your supplies.)

✔ After April 1st a small charge will be made for cod liver oil and fruit juices to everyone except those who receive free milk.

Get your Application Form now

Food Facts No. 87. Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

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Every Mars Bar is so richly satisfying in flavour and goodness that — now they are rationed — you'll want to make the most of every one. So cut that chewy, chunky bar into slices and s-l-o-w-l-y-c-h your enjoyment of it, piece by toothsome piece.

2½ oz.

Mars GRAND FOOD-GRAND FLAVOUR!

To meet the Government's desire to standardise tin sizes, Andrews is now obtainable in one large size only. Although the price is changed to 1/10½d., including purchase tax, the new large tin contains 8 ozs. (instead of 7 ozs. at 1/6½d.)

STEAD

RAZOR BLADES

IN THE WEEKLY WALLET THE BLADES LAST LONGER

★

Makers also of STEAD SILVER STEEL RAZOR BLADES

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 28, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

IN THE MIDST OF WAR

● **Men "at work" on bombed buildings usually present a study in slow motion.**

Months ago—indeed, a year ago—public indignation threatened to cause the authorities to exercise closer supervision over their clearance contractors.

But the evil continues.

An acetylene cutter reports to JOHN BULL that he was engaged on a London site for ten days and another man for six weeks.

During all that time, only one day's work was available, although they were paid 2s. and 2s. 6d. an hour respectively.

On another site, men had only one week's work in a month. But they were told to "look out" for any officials from the local authority who might come along!

Presumably the contractors are getting money for nothing. The bombed cities of the provinces suggest that the practice is widespread.

And it's time a real effort was made to stop the bare-faced misappropriation of public money!

Straight from the Shoulder

BAN THIS WORD!

DEEDS, not words, will satisfy the nation.

But there is still too much talk and too little action.

There is, above all, too much talk about "defence."

It has become the most overworked word in official language. It deserves a long, long rest.

Good Omen

True, it is a good omen that the United Nations are now looking at the World Front as a whole, are pooling their talents and disposing such men as MacArthur, Brett, Stillwell and Casey to the most suitable positions.

JOHN BULL, which has consistently urged the formation of a real World Front, is gratified to see it taking shape.

But these moves must be the preliminaries to world-wide operations. In this country, particularly, there must be less emphasis on defence and more on attack.

Dope

We are spoon-fed with promises of defence for this, that and the other. There are the usual Spring speculations about where Hitler will strike next. There is a fresh spate of warnings that he may invade Britain.

This defence complex is dangerous. It can atrophy our heads and paralyse our hands.

First Blow

Our Allies believe that the best form of defence is attack.

So MacArthur and Brett did not wait for Australia to be attacked. They attacked first — and smashed the Japanese invasion fleet.

The Russians are not waiting passively for Hitler's Spring offensive. Their hammer blows provide a classic lesson in what MacArthur calls "the defensive offensive."

Litvinov's Call

They give point to M. Litvinov's demand that the United Nations should give battle instead of waiting for it.

"There may be a much greater actual risk in waiting and doing nothing, in letting slip one opportunity after another," he counsels us.

Voice of Stalin

Litvinov spoke in Washington. But his warning was intended for Britain as well as the U.S.

And his voice cannot be ignored by our leaders. For it expresses the views of Stalin. What Stalin thinks, Litvinov says.

Halifax Agrees

What does the British Government think? Judging by Lord Halifax, the British attitude has undergone a significant change.

Lord Halifax promises that we shall not fight this war "on a purely defensive strategy, which can never bring total defeat to Hitler."

No longer do official spokesmen deride those who demand action. Now they appeal to the public for action!

Wordy Warfare

But politicians and newspaper men are sending their appeals to the wrong address.

Our people have long been in the aggressive mood. They have long wanted the Cabinet to show signs of aggression.

Instead, they have been treated to curtain lectures and patronising speeches. They will not be mollified by "Warship Weeks" and fatuous patriotic jingles from the B.B.C.

Leadership

Men and women in the Fighting Forces, in Civil Defence, in industry and the home, all are waiting for leadership and decision.

They do not need appeals to action or promises of action. They want *action* itself.

And they want it soon.

Now's the Time

They are not fools, these people of Britain. They know we cannot afford to wait until 1943, 1944 or 1945 before we start winning this war.

The war will be won or lost this year —in the few fine months that lie ahead.

We shall not win it by withstanding the enemy's blows. We shall win it only if we forestall his designs and rain blows upon him.

Have We the Ships!

We lack shipping, it is rightly said. But we had enough ships to take armies to Singapore and Java for them to be captured by the Japs.

We have shipping enough to launch a strong attack much nearer home. We have the 'planes to protect that shipping and cover our troops, thus making sure that they will not be captured by the enemy!

Preventing Rust

Of course we want more ships! Of course we need more aircraft!

JOHN BULL has been saying so for months—indeed, for years. But there is also an urgent need to use the ships and 'planes we already have.

Scenes of Action

It is not for JOHN BULL to say where they should be used. But the fields for action are wide and the opportunities great.

Clearly, we must "mop up" in the Mediterranean. Obviously, there must be some soft spots along the vast Nazi-held coastline from Narvik to St. Nazaire.

Our surprise attack battered Rhodes. But Rhodes is not the only enemy outpost.

Harbingers of Spring

We can be sure that Hitler is planning surprises. Undoubtedly he will not confine his Spring devilries to the broad plains of Russia.

We must watch the shores of the Balkans and Turkey, the sands of Libya, the rock of Gibraltar.

Spanish generals have not gone to Berlin only for a holiday, nor Nazi airmen to Spain merely to admire the scenery. It is also worth noting that the Portuguese army has moved to the Azores.

No Monopoly

But surprise should not be a monopoly of the enemy. Our fighting men are not less eager to "get on with the war" than his.

They must, of course, be well trained, perfectly equipped and adequately supported by air power.

Not only they, but every civilian in the land, awaits the word "Go" from the Cabinet.

Sir William's Warning

Our leaders must take the risk of leading.

That is the demand made by Sir William Beveridge, famous economist and our greatest expert on man-power.

Take Them Over

Vital production has been left in the hands of individuals whose first duty is to their shareholders. Sir William would have State control of all vital industries.

He is no "impractical Socialist." He is actually a Liberal, though like most of us he has no patience with playing at Party politics when the nation's existence is at stake.

Party Spirit

Indeed, he deems it a misfortune that the Prime Minister became leader of the Conservative Party, and that Cabinet changes are often shaped according to Party considerations.

He would have us exchange three Ps for three Ss: we should aim at service instead of profit, State instead of Party, speed instead of procrastination.

British are Willing

All depend on the Government. Given wise leadership, no change and no sacrifice will be too great for the people to accept.

The public does not object to bold planning. It objects, strongly and rightly, to the lack of planning that is sadly apparent.

Waste

It has long realised that neither the Services nor war industry has been able to absorb personnel as quickly as they have become available.

It has become disgusted at the waste both of men and materials.

This waste must be immediately stopped, for man- and woman-power are limited.

No Play Like Work

Great fuss is made about sports and entertainment spectators. But most of these people would be willing to do extra work by way of relaxation—if the work were available.

The spare-time worker, the week-end volunteer, must be organised and guided.

For work is the first step to victory.

Plan for Attack

Time is not on our side.

We dare not waste it.

To meet Hitler's gigantic efforts, we must work as never before.

To smash the Axis, we must move into action. And we, the people, await our leaders' signal to attack.

(Continued overleaf)

STOP THE SHORT-WEIGHT SWINDLE!

● **Old and poor people complain to us of short-weight in coal deliveries.**

A trader tells us that he is often 10 lb. or 12 lb. "light" on every hundredweight of animal's food; one consignment was 32 lb. short.

There is suspicion that many kinds of food for humans are similarly being exploited.

In brief, the old swindle is thriving on the new opportunity of a great war.

Of course it must be checked—firmly, quickly, savagely if needs be.

How? First, by the public itself.

Watch the scales. If you suspect they're wrong, don't complain to JOHN BULL. Report to the local authority.

Secondly, the local authorities must be gingered into action. Pressure of Civil Defence and other extra work has tended to make them neglect their ordinary responsibilities.

Thirdly, magistrates must impose far heavier fines than hitherto and not hesitate to send serious offenders to prison!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

HOW can we spare troops to take the offensive? By perfecting the Home Guard for defence, just in case Hitler should attack Britain as a desperate gambler's last throw.

Unfortunately, the Home Guard is far from perfect.

Pikes at the Ready!

Some of the Home Guard are now being armed with the pikes so beloved by that old warrior of the War Office, Lord Croft.

Some of them even have the occasional glory of marching in procession, headed by an A.T.S. band, during their working hours—as happened at Aldershot's workshops recently.

Pikes against dive-bombers and tommy-guns! Ceremonial inspections instead of training!

Useful Exercise

That training should include not only district exercises but zone and inter-zone exercises.

It is not enough for the Home Guard units to know their own area. They must be prepared to co-operate with other units, with the regular Forces, and with Civil Defence.

Moreover, a mobile Home Guard force is needed.

Arm the Braves!

Above all, they need arms—rifles, not pikes. And they need them at every H.G. post.

It won't be funny if Corporal Giles, seeing parachute troops landing in a park, has to walk five miles to battalion headquarters for his rifle.

Officers Wanted

What of the regular Forces? One excellent suggestion is that a special corps of invasion officers should be trained. They would be given a working knowledge of the areas they would command in case of invasion and get to know all the town officials with whom they would have to co-operate.

Clearly, the better we organise our defences the more men we shall be able to spare for action overseas.

Misfit

At present, of course, the men are merely being wasted.

One, a Post Office driver in peace time, became an Army driver, and was then sent on a fourteen weeks' course, passing out as a motor mechanic.

But for four months he has waited to be posted. He has spent that time on fatigues and as a medical orderly—a job about which he knows nothing!

By Order

That sort of muddle is not good for morale. Nor is the martinet who, seeing gunners floundering through a sea of mud in their gumboots, has ordered that gumboots shall not be worn unless the camp is *under water*.

Are such fine distinctions necessary even in the Army?

Shock for Them

Big shops were recently besieged by Service men and women who bought large stocks of clothes without coupons on the plea of "Service requirements," then handed them over to civilian friends.

Now the Board of Trade is making the shops responsible for that discreditable ramp. One shop has been "fined" a thousand coupons!

Tax Anomaly

Some shop assistants are having to take a fortnight's holiday without pay because of a slump in business. When they return, they find three weeks' income tax deducted from the week's wages.

Such crippling anomalies should be guarded against in the new tax proposals that Sir Kingsley Wood is studying. So study this case, Sir Kingsley!

Costly Tooth

That word "anomaly" covers a multitude of oddities in our social system. Just look at our law of compensation!

Because her tooth was extracted when she wanted it stopped, an Essex woman has been awarded £105 damages. That is all that many men have won for the loss of an arm.

In this case, the dentist was described by the judge as careful, skilful and competent. So we're all the more sorry for him.

Southend's Dignity

To councillors who complained that some municipal chiefs used too much petrol, the Mayor of Southend has retorted:

"If you want me to continue as mayor I want a car to go about in. . . . There is such a thing as dignity of office, and that dignity can only be upheld in a certain manner."

Is it to uphold the dignity of mayors that seamen on tankers are torpedoed and drowned?

Football in Style

Indeed, we suggest that petroleum officers should be less lavish in their supplies to local authorities. Too many council officials use official cars on unofficial business!

An ex-mayor of a northern town still uses a 40 h.p. limousine to go to a football match.

Thirsty Work

In the N.F.S. petrol is used not only to take firemen to football, their officers to the shops, and to clean station floors.

There are too many "exercises" which merely consist of sending engines from one town to another a dozen miles away.

They teach the firemen nothing—and fire engines drink up a lot of petrol.

Careless Driving

Army vehicles not only consume much petrol but are involved in many accidents.

The War Office doesn't reveal how many civilians are therefore conveyed to hospitals or the mortuary.

Nor is it very helpful when the victims or their relatives try to claim compensation.

Cunning Defence

Mr. Justice Stable has waxed indignant about one case in which two people were seriously hurt.

Their car was smashed by an Army car driven by a Capt. L. H. Evans, R.E., without lights on the wrong side of the road.

The Army authorities could not suggest, as they often do, that the driver was not on military duty. Instead, they "discovered" that the car was not on an authorised route!

So they refused to supply the captain's address, and the victims cannot obtain redress.

Denial of Justice

We could tell of worse cases. But the point of them all is that military drivers are not compelled to be covered by insurance, and the War Office can take refuge behind the fact that no claim may be levelled against the Crown.

To prevent further examples of indefensible injustice, Parliament must amend the law of liability.

Hard Knocks

Yes, some people have rough luck. One was a prosperous hairdresser who vainly tried to join the R.A.F. on war's outbreak and became a fireman instead.

He shut one shop, kept on two others until the staff should be called up, and lost money steadily. Then his home was destroyed by bombs.

He was injured by blast while fire-fighting, but received no compensation. On recovery, he spent every leave-day helping the last of his twelve assistants to keep the remaining shop open.

Now that assistant is being called up and the owner faces a hunt for a 50s.-a-week job after the war.

Holding Them Up

New factories would be built far quicker and far better if contractors were allowed a little more latitude.

They are bound by a rigid system that produces more bottlenecks than weapons. The specifications to which they work are often faulty, but they dare not alter them even if they know that they will cause ceilings to collapse and walls to crumble within a few weeks of construction.

Millions of pounds are wasted in this way.

Not Reserved

It is time the Government explained why only a very few firms are allowed to draw up these specifications—and why it does not enlist the best available brains for the Ministry of Works.

Why, too, has it not taken steps to provide all the labourers necessary? Lack of "unskilled" labour is usually the reason for building delay.

Seven Days' Notice

We can find no reason why contractors should have to give seven days' notice before they can switch men from one job to a more urgent one.

But we understand why contractors hesitate to send married workers to distant jobs.

You see, a subsistence allowance has to be paid to men whose wives remain at home; yet no allowance is payable if the wives go with them!

Unwanted Expert

But do we want to get the best from the nation's store of talent? Sometimes Authority seems deliberately to waste it.

Thus with an explosives expert, called up for the R.A.F. in August, 1940, from a highly responsible job.

On hearing his qualifications he was immediately recommended for a commission by his commanding officer.

Turned Down

After months of delay he was sent on an armament course and passed with the highest marks ever known. Then came news of his commission.

He passed every test given by the selection board, but was not accepted. Six months later he again passed his tests and was certain he would be accepted. So were several officers.

He is still, after eighteen months, a leading aircraftman.

Getting Tired

Also accepted for the R.A.F. in August, 1940, was a man who was ordered to undergo an operation before joining his unit.

After the operation he was told that R.A.F. couldn't accept any more recruits.

Since then he has travelled 212 miles, had three "medicals" and four interviews, lost three months' work—and is now ordered to join the Army.

Consolation

Our thanks to a generous reader who sent two 10s. notes to two miners—aged eighty-one and seventy-five—who were fined for taking a day off, as we reported a few weeks ago.

One man has since had the fine rescinded. And in future, let us hope, those who talk glibly of "absenteeism" will remember that many pit workers are either aged or unfit.

Behind the News

- **Allies will soon use new aviation petrol giving 25 per cent. more power than any now in use. European lack of certain ingredient denies it to Axis.**
- *Nazis in Russia receive three special drugs in their rations—one makes vitamins, the others stimulate body warmth and fighting madness.* Luftwaffe *flyers are injected before flights.*
- Hitler's plan to conscript more cannon-fodder from his slave States is held up by lack of transport and footwear.
- **Axis black market has got beyond official control. Reason: Racketeers are mostly** *Gestapo* **chiefs whose speciality is frontier smuggling.**
- *Food rioting in Italy is growing. People cannot get their rations, but housewives who demonstrate are being mercilessly ill-treated.*
- Strain on German transport system because of the losses in Russia is now so great that it takes eleven days to cross Germany to Balkans.
- **All but four of the Dutch coal-mines have been put out of action by patriots.**
- *Since R.A.F. hammering of Renault works, flight of workers from Dutch-Belgian shipyards has become so serious that industrial areas have been cordoned off, and the death penalty has been threatened for absenteeism.*
- Big split in Tokio! Liberal leaders refused to join victory celebrations, maintaining that gains do not balance losses, and that Japan will be unable to meet Allied counter-offensive.
- **Many Jap officers have followed example of the general who committed hara-kiri when he failed to beat MacArthur; Tokio wants the Emperor to issue an edict suspending the "supreme act of loyalty."**
- *Hitler has told Terboven that unless the Norwegians are soon brought to heel, he will be sent to "keep company" with those who failed in Poland—and who haven't been heard of since.*

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

THE REAL BUDGET PROBLEM

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, soon to introduce our biggest Budget, declared a year ago that he meant "to take the profit out of war."

However sincere his intentions may be, his methods have never lived up to that promise—and never will until there is an entirely new conception of war taxation.

By this time the Chancellor's plans for the coming financial year must be near completion. We cannot judge them in advance, but, unless they use the power of finance as a fighting weapon for *attack*, they will fall far short of the country's just demands.

For a defensive financial strategy—one, that is, designed to protect the old-fashioned and discredited economic system—may prove as disastrous as "the Maginot mind" has proved in actual combat.

JOHN BULL, therefore, addresses this article particularly to Members of the House of Commons, urging them to prepare for the coming Budget debate and to fight tooth and nail for bold reforms and courageous justice.

Sir Kingsley Wood does not—or need not—lack advisers. We hope that he has not sought them solely among the orthodox Treasury experts, but that he has also consulted men like Keynes, of the compulsory savings plan, and many other fresh and daring minds in business, labour and financial circles.

The present methods of taxation, whether for the small wage-earner or big trade and industrial concerns, defeat themselves by sheer complexity.

Something much more simple must be devised if we are to achieve the maximum yield needed to see us through this war.

Inland Revenue officials, while admitting the complexity of the Excess Profits Tax, claim that they have now tracked down all major avenues of evasion and that it is substantially taking the profit out of war.

Our information does not support this claim.

To the contrary, if even a fraction of the reports reaching us are true, it would seem that never was there a tax more monstrously evaded by wangling, technical trickery and plain dishonesty.

The Engineering Industries Association, in a memorandum recently addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, makes no bones about it. "A dishonest tax" is what this important organisation calls it.

"It purports," states the memorandum, "to limit profits made out of the war effort, but the truth is that E.P.T. is a taxation which guarantees to a favoured minority the high profits in a period well before the war.

"It is not an effective instrument to prevent excessive profits being made out of the country's emergency. It is a guarantee that any company having made high profits during the period 1935-1937 shall be entitled to retain equally high profits during the war period, regardless of efficiency.

"It is further a guarantee that the favoured few shall not be menaced after the war by other firms which have built up efficient organisations during the war."

THE Association suggests that all profits should be paid to the Inland Revenue, after provision for expenditure on war production and a reasonable return on capital employed.

Of the sum paid to the Inland Revenue, 30 to 0 per cent. should be treated as Reserve Fund, the State assuming a definite and specific obligation to release such funds after the war to the company concerned.

Whether or not this is the solution is for realistic technical experts to decide.

We do not presume to offer the Chancellor any such technical advice. It is our function merely to call his attention and the attention of the House of Commons to the evasions which are being practised on an extensive scale on the existing methods of taxation.

We are told that the most serious loophole is the fact that firms doing Government work are able to show on their tax assessment returns substantial sums to be left out of calculation for the time being because they are needed for work in hand or in contemplation and on which it is impossible to decide what the proportion of profit would be.

Obviously, some such provision is needed, but JOHN BULL is worried by the reports reaching us that this item is not being scrutinised with sufficient care and that the concession is being abused in numerous instances.

The idea is that there should be a grand settlement of tax due on this money at some far-off vague and uncertain time—possibly at the end of the war.

While it would be a very unfair picture of the war effort, taken as a whole, to infer that the profit-making side is entirely infected in this way, it is disastrously true that at present far too large a portion of it is, and many rogues and sharpers are battening on money which should be going to help us to victory.

There are even reports that in some trades dummy directors are being appointed.

On the books these dummies are shown as being paid as much as £1,500 a year each. Actually, it is stated, they do nothing and draw little more than enough to pay income tax on their nominal salaries, the balance being used to ward off legitimate E.P.T. and to line the pockets of the wanglers.

Another prevalent practice is for rich firms—and individuals, too—to arrange for the post-poned paying of moneys due to them. They do not need the cash at once, and so they ask their debtors to defer payment, thus evading tax.

But these are only two of the more obvious wangles. Limited companies, partnerships, and one-man businesses all hire experts to find loop-holes in the regulations. That is what they understand by "the law—and the profits."

"There are still people," said Sir John Ward-law Milne, M.P., the other day, "who are living in the happy idea that the war is an awfully good time."

They fake their expenses with supreme effrontery. They keep cars, chauffeurs, and even domestic servants as a charge on their business. They entertain lavishly—and free of tax—to "keep up their connections." In short, they contrive to spend far more than they will ever admit to earning.

Now the Treasury has *powers* to confiscate profits which have been deliberately concealed even by technically legal craft. And plain fraud, such as the faking of stock sheets, purchases, losses and expenses, is punishable as a criminal offence.

But these powers are *not* ruthlessly exercised, and, even if they were, they would not justify a system which is basically unsound and calculated to put temptation in the way of human greed.

AT the other end of the scale the system of tax collection from comparatively small wage-earners, millions of whom are paying tax for the first time in their lives, has proved clumsy and unworkable.

That, of course, has apparently been so obvious that it is confidently expected that much simpler methods are being hammered out by the Treasury experts and that they will be announced by the Chancellor when he introduces his Budget.

This muddle of tax collection from the small wage packets has an important bearing on another vital reform constantly urged by JOHN BULL—the adoption by the Government of an honest wage policy.

We have always realised that no such policy could be carried into effect unless it be made to coincide with rigid price control and equally drastic limitation of profits.

All this tightening up must *start* from the top, and it is no use to hound the little men for income tax and expect them to accept wage rationalisation while "Big Business" is allowed to make hay of E.P.T.

The public is powerless to achieve this end; it must be done by its representatives in Parliament.

And now, when another annual and crucial stocktaking is due, is the time for them to make sure that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is compelled to straighten out the dangerous salients on the whole financial front so that we can advance with every penny of our financial resources mobilised for the one purpose that now matters—Victory as quickly as possible.

Shall We Want Big Meals Again?

DAUGHTER in Land Army came home for her one day in twenty-eight, and in her honour, by saving here and scraping there, we managed a "rill mill."

And it was too much! For her and for us!

"I'm not used to big meals now," she said. "I've got out of the habit."

This, after twelve hours' hard work each day on a farm!

It made me think: Shall we ever get back to our pre-war custom of "stuffing," or are those days gone for ever?

* * *

Before the war the big joint of grandfather's day had given place to a small joint, not because the money was not there to purchase large joints, but simply because *we did not want large joints.*

Probably large joints were a habit we lost in the rationing of the last war, as smaller joints may be a habit we shall lose in this.

Queer things keep on happening to the animal world, of which we are part. Given time and the need, the leopard *can* change his spots. The polar bear changed his colour.

* * *

Go into a fifteenth-century house. You will be unable to stand upright. See the suits of armour in the Tower. A few generations ago the people of Britain were a race of *short men and women.* And now look!

Where are the fat men of Pick-wick's day? Oliver Twist asked for more. Soon we shall be asking for less. Take it away!

We begin to eat less for many reasons. In war time because we have no choice. But in the last twenty years women voluntarily cut down their food consumption in order to alter their figures.

New habits stick. We may never go back to pre-war meals because we may never *want* to go back. Thousands of us in the last twenty years could have *afforded* to stuff as they stuffed in the days of Mr. Pickwick. But the *desire* had gone.

Some six hundred years ago there was a classic dinner at Canterbury. It was for only a few score people, but it went on all night and cost £800! In this present century nobody could have tackled a "rill mill" like that. Millionaires could have afforded it—but they could not have faced it.

* * *

Perhaps after a few more world wars the human race will have got out of the habit of eating anything! Except in sideshows on fair-grounds, or for bets.

Well, I don't know that it will be a bad thing. It will be one international economic problem solved; one thing less for the nations to quarrel about.

WILL SCOTT.

Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, M.P., Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Our enemies have conscripted the industries of all Europe for the greatest war effort in history. We are allowing a large part of our industrial assets to lie neglected and idle.

The small workshop can get no armament orders. Its plant is left to rust; its owner faces the loss of his life savings.

The orders go to giant monopolies, greedy corporations, powerful Big Business.

A trade society has told you that most of its 11,000 members—who keep small garage concerns—have tried in vain for motor repair work.

They have the tools. They have the men. They lack orders.

Your Department will not treat with them. The Army scorns them. The Admiralty cannot make use of them.

They are not alone in their plight. All kinds of small workshops, with useful equipment, have been waiting for two years to be brought into our war organisation.

Recruit them now!

It may be easier to deal with big firms. It may be simpler to place block orders.

But we cannot afford to leave some of our resources untapped, to leave equipment to rot, to leave skilled men to stagnate.

See that the "small man" has a chance to get into the war!—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR MADAM,—A virulent outbreak of March madness in Grimsby needs your immediate attention.

Wardens who worked all day and voluntarily patrolled the streets during the heavy night raids, until they could hardly crawl for tiredness, cannot now spend their leisure in digging for victory.

Instead, they have to learn foot drill!

Unless you really believe that heel-clicking is a necessary part of Civil Defence, use your trim shoes on the heads of those Grimsby martinets.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—For weeks the Axis liemongers told the world that the Royal Navy had been chased from the Pacific.

You did not refute the slander. We heard much of the gallant Dutch Navy; not a hint was given that our own warships were grimly defying superior forces.

Not until last week, when you announced our February losses, did the truth transpire.

There is too much silence about the Silent Service. News need not help the enemy; issued with speed and shrewdness, it can help to discount him and hearten our Allies.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GERALD CANNY, Inland Revenue Chief

DEAR SIR GERALD,—A man went to pay his income tax at a collector's office in the City. He arrived at 1.40 p.m., and was told the money couldn't be accepted as the books were closed for the day.

Another went to the same collector at 1.50, was told to return at two, and was then informed that the books were closed.

This war is a full-time job for most people. Why not for income tax collectors?—JOHN BULL.

Col. Right Hon. J. J. LLEWELLIN, M.P., Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—The need for planes is greater than in the period just after Dunkirk, you say. I agree.

In one enormous and notorious factory, the workers swear that competent management would double the output of aircraft. But the many managers seem uninterested.

And that allegation, alas, reaches me from many other factories. I know you are seeing for yourself how factories are run, and I rely on you to wake up sleepy managements.—JOHN BULL.

Major A. HENDERSON, K.C., Parl. Under-Secretary, War Office

DEAR SIR,—Because you are new to the War Office, you should be the better able to clear up some old Service scandals.

The Army black-out is still careless. One reader saw nine uncurtained windows, with full lights on, in one barracks block, and several more in near-by quarters, in a single night. That's a typical example.

No wonder civilians who live near Army camps are asking if Civil Defence is worth while!—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL, Coventry

GENTLEMEN,—One of your residents put a carefully saved bundle of paper aside for salvage. The dustman tossed it into the refuse with the explanation: "They have more paper than they want."

If this complaint is true, he is worse than a fool and should himself be consigned to the scrap-heap.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir ROGER KEYES, M.P., Britain's "Elder Seadog"

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Keep up your attacks on shipyard slackness.

Shipwrights would like you to visit an East Coast yard where a vessel awaits urgent repairs. They have to book fourteen hours a day yet work for only six hours.

Maybe the firm's contract explains why. Certainly such managements deserve shaking up.—JOHN BULL.

Lord CHATFIELD, Civilian Gallantry Committee

MY LORD,—By burrowing through a rocking mass of ruins, two Holborn rescue workers saved several people during a heavy raid last April.

Now, eleven months later, they have been awarded the British Empire Medal.

Evidently your slogan is "Better late than never." But why be late at all?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. P. CRAWFORD GREENE, M.P. for Worcester City

DEAR SIR,—If we have money to spend, you urge, let us spend it on luxuries—grapes, caviare and jewellery.

You amaze me. Buy grapes when less fortunate men are being blown to bits? Gorge on caviare when poor mothers wonder how to feed their children? Trifle with tie-pins when we need ships and planes and tanks?

If you have money to spend, lend it to the nation!—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM ROOTES, Chairman of Supply Council

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—We are short of raw rubber, I know. But there is no shortage in a great factory near London, about which I receive a good many complaints.

Tons of rubber are stacked up for manufacture, more arrives regularly. Yet half the machines work only two or three days a week.

Why?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. D. SANDYS, M.P., Financial Secretary, War Office

DEAR SIR,—You have been misinformed. You say that 500 Pay Corps men stationed in Leicester are required to fire-watch one week in every four. Not so. Four out of every five men are on nightly duty one week in every three.

You say they are excused all guards and fatigues during their duty week. Not so. They have tedious P.A.D. and sorting duties to perform besides their ordinary work.

You say that the arrangement does not interfere with their efficiency. Then why is the Leicester pay office in a state of chaos?—JOHN BULL.

Capt. CHARLES WATERHOUSE, M.P., Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—It is monstrous that impoverished deaf people should have to pay 50 per cent. more for their hearing-aid batteries.

It is anomalous that though the instrument is tax-free as a surgical necessity, the battery needed to make it work should be so heavily taxed.

So take off the tax!—JOHN BULL.

The False Gods Must Fall

ARGUE IT OUT By Pelix

WE believe—and justly so—that right is on our side in this titanic clash between Democracy and the "New Order" of the Axis Powers.

In this belief there is both comfort and danger. The right, we tell ourselves, must prevail. So it must—eventually. Just as truth must prevail eventually; and as man himself must—eventually—scale new heights if he is to achieve his Destiny.

We base the righteousness of our cause on the fundamental principles of liberty and justice, and on the faith of our fathers.

These are the mainsprings which keep us keyed up for action and for which we believe no sacrifice can be too great.

The lust and aggression of Germany, the treachery and bravado of Italy, and the ruthlessness and savagery of Japan seem, and are, poor things compared with the forces that give drive to the democratic nations.

★ ★ ★

It would seem impossible, incredible, that the base designs of the Axis nations with their ugly, black record of rape and destruction, persecution and slavery, could succeed and that the whole of the world could be doomed for generations to a cycle of misery and despair.

It would seem impossible that the bright light of our Faith should be obscured by the slavemasters of Berlin and the butchers of Tokyo.

It is in such thoughts that danger lies.

Ranged against us are driving forces, terrible in their intensity, fearful in their racial pride.

Those forces, more than the armed might of Germany and Japan, are responsible for the succession of disasters which have befallen our cause.

The Nazis go into battle convinced that they are the supermen of destiny; that they are pre-ordained—not by God, but by racial superiority—to subjugate mankind.

The Japanese forge ahead on the crest of a wave of fanaticism, the product of Shinto, the Japanese state "religion," which includes ancestor worship and worship of the Emperor. The little Japanese vermin overrunning the south-western Pacific are Pagans. They are blind to anything but the belief in a glorious destiny.

★ ★ ★

This belief, like that of the Germans in race superiority, is fundamentally false. Yet these beliefs, faiths, superstitions—call them what you will—must be taken into account when the strengths of the warring factions are assessed.

We know that the Nazi is not a superman, but until we have proved, utterly and finally, the stupidity of that belief, young Germans will still fight and die beneath the shadow of the Swastika.

We know Shintoism for what it really is—a crazy edifice of mumbo-jumbo.

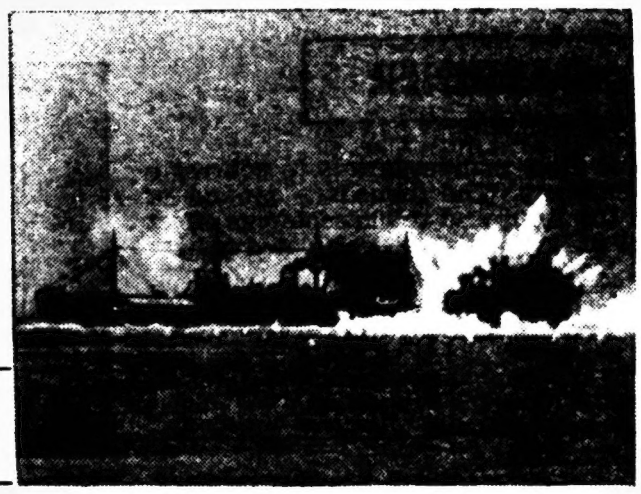
But until the vermin from Tokyo have that nonsense blown from their heads by bombs and shells the fanatics will throw themselves recklessly, blindly, into any battle.

The moral—or immoral—forces behind the Axis armies are not to be despised.

We have our faith in the eternal verities in the inherent right of man to live free from the fear of hunger and of tyranny and of injustice.

To have that faith is not enough. It must be strengthened by action; it must burn in our hearts and lend power to our arms.

They Beat the Mikado's Air Fleet



Amid the crash of falling bombs, the little ship kept on her way, spitting defiance from her single gun

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

THERE is a 7,000-ton merchantman lying in Melbourne Harbour to-day, and the authorities will not let me tell you her name, or the name of her skipper, who is an old friend of mine. She is still in the Front Line, and the less the Mikado's navy has to recognise her by the better.

But I can tell you her story—and it is a tale to stir the salt in any seaman's blood.

I was in command of the *Clan Macpherson* when last I saw that ship. We had run into Batavia for bunkers, and she was lying there coaling, too. I had a glass of grog in the stateroom with my friend, and we talked sea shop for an hour.

"These Japs!" he said. We had been talking about the Maru liners. "Clever little beggars, and spoiling for a showdown. There'll be some jobs hereaways if it ever comes."

And now he has done one of the jobs.

The Communiqué

What was it? I'll tell you in the words of an official communiqué from Melbourne. It runs:

A British merchant ship which normally accommodates twelve passengers has arrived from Singapore with 2,500 women and children and troops. She was the last big ship to leave Singapore.

Singapore under bombardment!

Not the Singapore I knew, the impregnable "City of the Lion," with millions of tons of shipping passing in and out every year, with a floating dock big enough to take any battleship and a graving dock that would hold the *Queen Mary*—a place of prosperity and Eastern beauty.

No; a different Singapore. A Singapore with the huge Admiralty transmitting station ablaze, the sullen rolling smoke along miles of burning wharves stabbing into red flashes as Bofors guns spat hatred at the mobs of barefoot Jap soldiers smashing their way with grenades past ruined buildings and along streets littered with khaki dead.

A Singapore throbbing with the noise of British-built Kawanishi bombers overhead, and the shuddering thump of bombs said to have been made in America. . . .

And, at one wharf, amidst a heart-breaking mess of wrecked and broken ships, a sturdy 7,000-ton tramp still carrying stolidly on, as if those end-of-the-world conditions were something quietly to be ignored.

Grim Humour

She lies low in the water, down below her Plimsoll line. She crawls with human life like a kicked anthill; and on her side hangs a huge notice crudely printed in ink:

STANDING ROOM ONLY FOR THE NEXT PERFORMANCE.

The smoke from a gutted warehouse rolls over her, obliterates her. She sways in the water as a big bomb from an aircraft flying low overhead whines down and explodes not a hundred yards away, sending up a vast spreading mushroom of dust and debris.

Presently you see her again, and you notice the Red Duster trailing at the peak as if it was nailed there, and that ridiculous inked notice on her side.

A Jap soldier carrying an automatic gun races on to the wharf, yells something, spins round clutching at his throat, and falls dead. What bullet hit him no one can tell. He lies there sprawled.

The skipper and first officer are on the bridge, meticulously dressed. The overweighted ship that was meant for twelve passengers and now has 2,500 aboard her moves sluggishly astern. The skipper speaks crisply down the tube. The telegraph rings

On to the wharf run a group of half a dozen yellow soldiers, screeching something. They hastily set up a gun and point it at the ship. They fire, and splashes of lead disfigure the rusty side.

Majestically careless of them, the ship moves slowly out of range. They are left leaping with rage around their gun.

The ship heads away south-east, past wrecks and ruins and floating corpses, towards the Java Sea.

The very last big ship to leave Singapore.

Infested Seas

A journey of thousands of miles ahead of her, through seas infested with Jap submarines and destroyers and cruisers, beneath skies quivering with the engines of yellow bombers, past islands where the Mikado's transports were already disgorging their teeming loads. And, behind her, burning Singapore. . . .

She hadn't enough food and water. With only the medical supplies for her own crew aboard, she was crammed with burned and shot-up and bandaged men in khaki who needed attention. And she carried a cargo, besides her human one, that might prove her own greatest danger if a fire started.

Before she had been at sea an hour the first Jap bombers came over.

There were twenty-seven of them, flying in arrowhead formation, droning along at about 5,000 feet, scouring the ocean for what they might destroy.

The trim figures in white drill standing on the bridge stared skywards. A bomber peeled off the formation and came swooping down with a vast roar of engines to investigate.

The yellow men aboard it must have made some signal, for the whole formation turned in the sky and dived down on the devoted little ship.

"Stand by!"

As the ship's company went to action stations a deep-throated growl ran along the decks, and British Tommies unslung their futile rifles and looked upward, their teeth showing.

"*Whack!*"

The ship's rear gun gave voice as the first bomb whistled down and exploded with a tremendous shake to port.

Sky Dark with Bombers

Another bomber and another and another and another swept past; the sky was darkened and the ears ached with the din of their engines as they dived, and the defiant bark of the one little gun that snapped upwards at them.

Twenty-seven bombers to one peaceful old cargo ship—and though they attacked again and again, they couldn't hit her! She dodged and squirmed and twisted in a way that you would never believe 7,000 tons *could*.

They came down again to machine-gun those crammed and jostling refugees on the decks. Perhaps they thought, because of the preponderance of khaki, that she was a transport.

Still that tough old ship eluded them.

But bombs that miss sometimes do as much harm as bombs that hit. Explosions sending shattering blows through the water strained her plates, damaged her steering gear, ruined everything electric aboard her (and she was a well-found ship), broke some of her navigating instruments.

The twenty-seven bombers sent for help!

The ship's radio officer could hear their calls going crackling out through the void. He had been sending out S O S calls in the hope that Allied warships might come and take a hand in this one-sided game.

Now he stopped. His keys lay silent before him.

"No use bringing up fighting ships to go the same way as the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*," he commented after. "They've got their own jobs to do. We carried on alone."

But they were not alone. The twenty-seven bombers were presently joined by twenty-seven more.

"Hot Work, Mister!"

The odds were up to fifty-four to one, the fifty-four armed and built to destroy, the one just a peaceful merchantman accustomed only to fighting the elements. But the lads aboard her were Drake's and Frobisher's breed.

"Hot work, mister," the skipper remarked, as, obeying his abrupt orders, the vessel dodged another salvo of bombs that hurtled volcanoes of sea water mountains high ahead and to starboard.

In the same voice, no doubt, Wellington at Waterloo said: "Hard pounding, gentlemen; we will see who can pound the longest."

But Wellington had artillery behind him, and this ship had only a four-pounder in the stern.

She was attacked for an hour. And then for another hour.

A bomb landed aboard presently, killed three men, and wounded several.

The sky at this time seemed black with bombers at all points of the compass, as if a flock of giant crows were wheeling and diving there. Again and again they tried to swoop low enough to finish the job; and always the little rear gun barked up at them and they sheered off and flinched away.

And then the fifty-four bombers sent for more help.

Likes to be Accurate!

The skipper's lip thrust out as he saw the new dots growing big in the north-western sky, blazing in that tropic evening.

"This will relieve the people on shore," he said to the mate. "I make them ninety in all. What's your estimate?"

As more bombs and more crashed down into the sea on every side, the mate pursed his lips and muttered over his counting.

"Ninety-four, sir, I make it."

"No, ninety! I'm certain of it.

That skipper is a man who cannot bear exaggeration.

Ninety Japanese bombers withdrawn from Singapore, at a critical moment when technical troops and women and children were slipping across to Sumatra. I dare say it made a difference—perhaps a big difference.

Those ninety bombers meant to sink that ship.

The next two hours were a nightmare none will forget. Amidst a noise of roaring engines that deafened, and the crash of falling bombs that shattered the senses, the ship zigzagged on her way, spat defiance from her little gun.

Another bomb landed aboard, after she had been in that single-handed and monstrous engagement four solid hours. More men were killed. More wounded.

Australian Nurses

A black bomber tearing past through the smoke and steam sent machine-gun bullets rat-tatting all over the decks.

One of the men at the aft gun fell face downwards.

Another bomber dived at them, guns blazing, and behind it another and another.

Two Australian nurses from Singapore—I wish I could mention their names!—dragged the prone gunner towards the shelter of a bulwark, had not time, and flung themselves across him as the bombers dived, sheltering him with their bodies.

Australian womanhood, I raise my hat to you!

Then a soldier with a bandaged head raced into place at the gun, and its vicious stream of shells sent the bombers to a more respectful distance.

Darkness fell suddenly, as it does in the tropics.

For a time the ninety bombers droned overhead, and a few more bombs were dropped. Then they went away. The ship was left, battered, bloody, doggedly forcing her way through the sea.

Twelve were killed aboard and twenty-five wounded. Nearly 2,500 were still safe—so far.

She reached Batavia and passed on south-eastwards. She passed Cape York and drove steadily down the East Australian coast, beside the Great Barrier Reef.

And presently she reached Melbourne.

NEXT WEEK:
"They Asked a Shark to Dinner."

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BE FAIR TO OURSE

Says A. G. GARDINER

The deeds of our Army need no apologies. It has fought heroic battles and will show its metal again and again on the road to victory

FOR some time I have been urged from many quarters to address a few words to the cult of Jeremiah. The immediate ground of the appeal is concerned with the Army and the mischievous effect which the ceaseless complaint of its inactivity is calculated to have upon that arm of the Service.

Why is the Army not doing this? Why is it not going there? Aren't we over-insured at home? Why, asks General Sir Hubert Gough (who ought to know better), didn't we send 200,000 men to Burma immediately France handed over Indo-China to Japan? Why isn't a new front opened up in Norway, Holland, France, somewhere, anywhere?

"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride." These questions leap to all minds, and we find no difficulty in answering them if we take no account of facts.

Consider some of those facts. The unprecedented character of this war and the vastness of our world commitments. The long start of the enemy. The desertion of France and all its consequences on sea and land. The possibility of invasion. The terrific problem of transport.

* * *

The effect of this criticism on the Army itself is deplorable. The very soul of the Army is action, and the fact of inaction in the presence of the daily tale of the great doings in the air and at sea is alone enough to create discontent.

The men want to be "up and at 'em," and if they are told that they are kept on the leash by unadventurous leaders and blundering statesmen their self-respect and their morale are undermined.

Nor do the deeds of the Army need apologies. That great fighting retreat to Dunkirk when France was visibly letting us down was a greater achievement than Moore's retreat to Corunna, which is one of the glories of the British Army. And Narvik and Greece and Crete—foredoomed to failure, but heroically fought.

AND HAVE SIR HUBERT AND THE JEREMIAHS FORGOTTEN THAT IN ABYSSINIA IN A FEW MONTHS WE CONQUERED A POWERFULLY DEFENDED COUNTRY AS BIG AS FRANCE AND GERMANY PUT TOGETHER? HAVE THEY FORGOTTEN THAT WITH 30,000 MEN WE OVERRAN LIBYA AND CAPTURED AN ITALIAN ARMY OF 200,000 MEN?

Are these things nothing? Does the author of them, sent to redeem a ghastly position elsewhere, deserve such rebukes.

* * *

Much of this mischievous propaganda is due to our incurable habit of underrating our own deeds. Coleridge complained long ago that Englishmen would praise anybody so long as he was a foreigner, but they would never praise themselves.

Perhaps it's a form of pride. "Why," asked an Englishman of a foreign lady who had been letting herself go on the subject of the English, "why do you dislike us? We are not a boastful people." "No," she replied, "that's just it. You behave as though you had no need to boast."

Whatever the cause, this habit of exalting others and writing ourselves down is bad business in war time. Again and again we have been led to ask, "But where were the British?" only to discover later that it was the British who had borne the brunt of the battle.

It was so in the Battle of the Java Sea. From the early accounts we had had no more to do with that battle than the Fiji islanders. It was the Americans and Dutch who had fought that hopeless battle against overwhelming odds.

Now, belatedly, we know that our part in it and our losses in it were as great as any. No wonder Goebbels' pet lie that the English are fighting "to the last Frenchman," or "the last Indian," or "the last Australian," as the case may be, is believed. We do our best to make the lie seem true.

God forbid that we should imitate the bombast of braggarts like Mussolini and Hitler, who between them have sunk the British mercantile marine twice over and annihilated the Russian armies to the last man. But neither should we allow the light of our deeds to be hidden under a bushel of Goebbels' lies.

* * *

WHAT IS THE OUTSTANDING FACT OF THIS MIGHTY CONFLICT? IT IS THIS: BUT FOR WHAT BRITAIN HAS DONE IN THIS WAR THE WORLD TO-DAY WOULD BE UNDER THE HEEL OF NAZI GERMANY.

Is that true? Is it deniable that when Hitler launched his attack on Britain in August, 1940, the world, all the world, America with the rest, believed that it was all over?

Bulgaria—Balkan Powder-Barrel!

WATCH Bulgaria, Hitler's Spring springboard for a powerful dive on Suez—a dive which may land Herr Hitler in deep water.

For Bulgaria, Balkan powder-barrel, may blow up any moment now—and in the wrong way for the Nazis!

The country is seething with excitement. Cases of sabotage against oil refineries, petrol tanks and trains laden with German goods have occurred in Varna, Russ, and other towns.

Rebels Capture Station

Many arrests have been made but the sabotage goes on.

Serious revolts recently broke out in fifteen villages around Drama. The rebels actually gained control of a railway station some two miles from the city, and held it for two days, despite savage attacks by Bulgarian troops and German dive-bombers.

Hoodwinked Bulgarian soldiers were told that they were fighting Greek guerillas who had crossed the frontier. More than 3,000 Bulgarians were killed.

In Bulgaria to-day, German officers and soldiers walk in daily and nightly fear of their lives.

In Knyazevo, a suburb of Sofia, German soldiers have been known to go out for an evening stroll with Bulgarian girls, never to return.

One morning the bodies of four Nazis were found in the woods. After that, the German High Command issued an order forbidding the troops to have anything to do with Bulgarian girls.

Simultaneously, the Bulgarian Government passed a law imposing the death penalty for any attempt on the lives of German soldiers.

But the assassinations continue, and every house billeting German troops has to be heavily guarded.

The Bulgarian police chief is now a *Gestapo* official named Dressler.

But despite many thousands of arrests, the people refuse to remain silent under the Nazi terror.

Leaflets, posters and letters denouncing the policy of the King and Government are distributed by the thousand everywhere.

Despite severe penalties and Nazi threats of reprisals, thousands of Bulgarians still tune in to the B.B.C. and Moscow broadcasts.

Even the Bulgarian army is restless.

The Germans purged the General Staff and the High Command. The ranks were a different and dangerous proposition.

Officers in Prison

So serious, indeed, is the situation that, for the first time in Bulgarian history, a military prison has been opened at Sliven, and more than 1,000 officers and men are imprisoned there.

So hostile are Bulgarians to the idea of fighting for the Nazis against the Russians, that the most the Filoff Government dared do was to attempt to organise a Red Cross ambulance train. Of four hundred women Red Cross school graduates, only fifteen desired to serve on the eastern front. Military surgeons were offered 40,000 levas a month to volunteer—but the Red Cross train has not left yet.

Feverish Preparations

The navy yards in Varna and Burgas are under rigid German supervision.

Even Bulgarian officers may not visit certain points without permission of the German military authorities.

On the Bulgarian-Turkish frontier the same feverish preparations are going on now as those witnessed on the Bulgarian-Greek frontier at the end of 1940 and beginning of 1941.

Obviously, Hitler has not abandoned his scheme to use Bulgarian territory and the Bulgarian army—if he can—for new military adventures.

The question is: Will Hitler wait until Bulgarian internal resistance has been completely crushed?

For if his patience once again becomes exhausted, and he strikes too soon—with Turkish legions at his soldiers' throats, and countless Bulgarian anti-Nazis at their defenceless backs—such an adventure might well fail completely, and at a terrific cost in men, morale, and material.

J. K.

ELVES

As the Vichy traitors told Mr. Churchill, "Hitler would wring our neck like a chicken's in three weeks." And after that all the remaining chickens of the earth would have their necks wrung unresistingly.

And the world stood by to see our extinction and wait its own. No hand was lifted to help us—not in America, not in Russia, not over the whole earth. We stood alone. Alone for nearly two years. We saw our cities burned to ashes. We saw the ships we lived by sunk by the million of tons. We saw our fate hanging by a thread.

AND WE DID NOT YIELD. WE NEVER THOUGHT OF YIELDING. OUR NECK WAS NOT WRUNG IN THREE WEEKS. IT IS NOT WRUNG IN THREE YEARS. IT IS NOT GOING TO BE WRUNG AT ALL. AND IN SAVING OUR OWN NECK WE HAVE SAVED THE NECK OF CIVILISATION OVER ALL THE BROAD EARTH.

To-day we have allies—glorious allies, mighty allies, allies who assure us victory. Let us be grateful to them. Indomitable Russia. Stupendous America. Brave and noble China, the first victim of aggression. The gallant Dutch. And the heroic remnants of conquered nations, Yugo-Slavia and the rest, who keep the flame of freedom burning in their shattered lands. Do not let us forget them.

But do not let us belittle ourselves or allow others to belittle us. It is we who stopped the rot and held the fort. It was on the impregnable rock of this country that the avalanche of tyranny broke in vain. It is our fortitude that has turned the tide and built up around us forces that will inexorably prevail. And whatever happens to us in the future, this will live as "our finest hour"—the hour when we saved not only ourselves but the spiritual liberties of mankind.

* * *

This needs to be said not only to our critics abroad but to our critics at home.

THE FREEDOM OF INDIVIDUAL SPEECH, THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, AND THE FREEDOM OF PARLIAMENT ARE OF THE ESSENCE OF DEMOCRACY. THEY ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE LIBERTIES WE ARE FIGHTING TO PRESERVE. BUT THEY MUST BE EXERCISED IN A RESPONSIBLE SPIRIT.

Much of the criticism is not of this character. It is nagging, unhelpful and often defeatist in spirit, is comforting and useful to Goebbels, but it does not represent the mind of this country, and it is deeply resented by the overwhelming mass of public opinion.

The nation knows that grave mistakes have been made. What war is without them? It knows the even graver mistakes of the enemy.

But it knows also the great thing it has done. It is deeply thankful for the inspired leadership that has brought it thus far on the road to victory and has kept its spirit high and its ranks solid, confident and unbroken.

It is braced to meet the sternest facts. It calls for the most searching criticism. But it will not tolerate rancorous intrigues or the deadly palsy of defeatism.

Some of the enthusiasts. They have just arrived at a training camp, and are marching to their new quarters.

Pilgrims in Search of Wings

By RALPH MICHAELIS

THE other day, at a Navigators' School out on the frozen prairie, I met a young Welshman who had ridden more than 4,000 miles on his motor-cycle from Ecuador to join the Royal Canadian Air Force.

He was an earnest young man with jet black hair and deep-set, burning black eyes.

There was little of impulsiveness but a good deal of careful staff work about his pilgrimage that augurs well for his future as a navigator.

He had thought it all out very deliberately.

"If I had sailed home to England to join up," he explained gravely, "they might have sent me back to Canada for training, and that would have halved my chances of getting a shot at the Hun before the war is over. So I decided to come straight here myself."

On Schedule

The motor-cycle, a British police machine, had been carefully tuned up, and the 4,000-miles route carefully mapped out.

He covered those 4,000 miles in a month without a breakdown, taking three days off to overhaul his engine at New Orleans, the halfway house, and another three days to see the sights at Niagara, before crossing the Canadian border to join up and submit his further movements to the discipline of the Service.

A science graduate of London University, and a petroleum engineer, he was born at Pembroke Dock.

His parents live at Uxbridge, Middlesex, and he has an aunt who was bombed out of her home in Southampton.

He wants to navigate a bomber aircraft, because he believes that that is the best way in which he can serve at the, to him, advanced age of twenty-five.

At another station I spoke with an old soldier who had fought at Mons and Dunkirk; a Chicagoan whose relatives had been deported from Rumania to forced labour in Poland; and an American dance band-leader from sunny California.

Yes, the Empire Air Training Scheme—which, by the way, the Canadian Air Minister, Major Power, recently told me would be trebled within a year—is a new Mecca for pilgrims from all over the English-speaking world.

A Steady Stream

Apart from the tens of thousands of men sent by their Governments, there is a steady stream of adventurers who come to Canada under their own steam and at their own expense.

Most of the pilgrims are young, but it was when I was walking through the barrack-room of a manning depot at Toronto that I noticed an A.C.2 wearing the Mons Star alongside his Military Medal.

He told me his story reluctantly—for he does not like talking about himself. "But when an officer tells you to talk," he said, referring to the staff officer accompanying me on my tour, "well, you've got to obey the officer!"

Back in 1914 he fought at Mons with the 17th Lancers at the age of sixteen. Before he was seventeen he had won the Military Medal on the Marne.

He transferred to the R.F.A., and served to the end of the Great War.

Finding himself in Canada at the outbreak of the present war, he joined the Saskatoon Light Infantry, and went to France with them, attaining the rank of Company Sergeant-Major.

He was wounded in the knee and severely burnt by flame-throwers before reaching the beaches of Dunkirk, where he remained under continuous dive-bombing attacks for four and a half days, and from which he was rescued by "Major Godfrey's daughter, from New Barnet, who," he told me, "made seven trips across the Channel that day in a 30-ft. launch."

Quick Come-Back

Back home, he was discharged from the Army on account of his wounds.

So he went round to the nearest recruiting depot and joined the Air Force.

"Why," I asked him, "do you want to go fighting again?"

"Because I want to have a smack at the Hun on equal terms," he replied. "In France the terms were not equal. We didn't have the equipment. And if it hadn't been for those few Spitfires we'd never have got off that beach at all."

His chin was set hard, like a chip of the mountainside of his native Westmorland (he comes from Grasmere). His steel-blue eyes that had seen two wars were steadfast.

"The only thing to do in war is to keep your chin up and keep smiling," he said. "Never give up hope. At Dunkirk we had every reason to give up hope; but we never did give it up, and we came through smiling."

And so, veteran of two wars at the age of forty-three, the former Company Sergeant-Major is going back to settle his quarrel with the Hun as an Aircraftman, Second Class.

Why They Join

I had a look through the answers given by recruits to the question asked by the Canadian authorities: Why did you join the Air Force?

Here are two of them:

"To fight with a country and for a country one can be proud of."

This from an American of New Jersey.

"Because I want to fly," wrote another American. "At eighteen, I am too young to join the U.S.A. Force, and I don't want to waste another two years in waiting."

Thousands of young Americans were in training in Canada before the U.S.A. entered the war.

They have been pouring in faster than ever since then.

It is interesting to note how the various members of this "league of the English-speaking nations" react on one another.

The Texans, independent and self-reliant, who think nothing of hitch-hiking the 1,500-odd miles from home to join up, mix readily with the English boys, with whom, they tell me, they have more in common than they have with the Canadians.

The French Canadians, too, seek their friends among the English and the Scots.

Good Mixers

New Zealanders get on equally well with the British and the Canadians.

The "Aussies" cling together as closely as a Highland clan

But one and all agree that the Canadians are equally and tremendously hospitable to them all.

I was in Winnipeg recently when a troop train carrying several hundred Australian pilots made a halt to enable them to stretch their legs after three days in the train and three weeks of travelling.

They were met by a reception committee of officers of the R.C.A.F., local ladies, representatives of ex-officer and ex-Servicemen's associations

They were rushed off to the big club, where they had a swim and a game of racquets before dinner, and a dance after, attended by all the pretty girls in the city.

And so they played and danced the night through before getting back into their train to continue their trans-continental journey with an indelible memory of Canadian hospitality.

Yes, they come in their thousands—and in their thousands they are welcome.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY!

Mr. Osbert Peake, Home Office Under-Secretary, should lose no time in overhauling the working of the War Charities Act

WAR charities frauds are booming. Said one of the many tricksters sent to prison recently for collecting for war charities and pocketing the proceeds: "I found it so easy that I continued."

It is because it is "so easy" that the War Charities Act of 1916 has been revived to protect both charity and a generous public.

People respond so readily to appeals for war victims.

And, finding themselves tricked, they are apt to harden their hearts to the best of causes—which are bound to suffer, in any case, in a world in which people have less money to spare than formerly.

The War Charities Act requires, in brief, that anyone collecting for a war charity shall first register.

Then, if the particular cause does not seem to be a thoroughly sound one, permission to collect can be refused.

Excellent, if everything worked as intended. But my experience is that it does not.

Counsel for one man recently before the courts argued that registration does not apply to appeals for annual subscriptions.

It remains to be seen whether it does or doesn't.

I am more alarmed, however, about what has happened at one place recently.

Generous Artistes

People there have been flocking to see well-known stage and broadcasting entertainers who, with the generosity typical of their profession, have filled the biggest local buildings without fee of any sort.

Each performance has been given under the auspices of an association with a most grandiose title.

The cause nominated to benefit has, in every case, been a war charity.

The individual behind the effort, therefore, should have registered his name.

But see what happened.

Some six weeks before this big "charity effort" was in full swing, an advertisement appeared in a local paper stating that the grandiose-named association concerned had applied to the local authority for registration.

Anyone with objections had to give notice to the authority within fourteen days.

Well, an objection was duly forwarded. It was forwarded within the required fourteen days. And it was a most serious objection.

It revealed that behind this association was a man with a long history of convictions for charity frauds.

It revealed, too, that what was given as the head office of this association was in reality his private residence.

Nobody Stopped Him

Sufficient grounds, you would think, to stop the whole business.

Yet, over the next few weeks, a charitable public was being tempted to part with its money, and high local officials and well-known artistes alike were giving their time or talent to an effort that would not have appealed to them at all if they had known the record of the man behind it.

I have referred to recent cases of men being sent to prison for charity frauds.

Where they have raised money ostensibly for charity but actually for their own pockets, and done this in defiance of the War Charities Act, the law cannot be blamed.

But something is very seriously wrong when a man with a long list of convictions can hide his name behind that of some high-sounding organisation in seeking registration

And it is worse still when a public objection, given in good time, is powerless to stop a dubious charitable project before the public has parted with its money.

It has been officially estimated that, in peace time, something like £20 of every £100 subscribed for charitable work finds its way into the pockets of exploiters.

In war time, with so many bogus appeals for Servicemen's dependants, Spitfire funds, and the like, the amount stolen from a charitable public is still higher.

Carefully administered, the War Charities Act should make this widespread cheating impossible. If it doesn't, it should make way for something better.

BUT WHERE'S THE PROFESSOR?

SUBSTANTIAL sums of money are being obtained very simply these days by self-described "Professors" and other charlatans who profess to be able to give "Life Readings of Your Stars" to anyone stupid enough to believe their prophecies.

For unabashed cheek, however, a person passing as "Professor Ra Kastraka," whose headquarters were apparently once in Paris, but are now supposed to be in Central London, needs some beating.

★ ★ ★

Through the medium of a closely set circular, which is obviously despatched as a matter of course to everyone, he recalls that though you were lucky enough to be on his lists in the summer of 1940, his offices were raided and the documents only recently salvaged.

He urges you to take advantage of his present services, which include a complete horoscope of your life, with special treatise for 1942, 1943, 1944 and onwards, including predictions about "Marriage, Money, Legacies, Children, Health, Friends, and Love."

The Professor is more than mildly generous. The original price of his offer was £1, but it is now available for only 10s., despite the fact that in the meantime he has "completed many of your calculations."

★ ★ ★

His notepaper depicts the present headquarters of "The Kastraka Studios" in St. Mary's Chambers, Strand, London, as being in magnificent settings.

Actually one has to walk to the fifth floor of the building to find out anything about the noted professor, and then can only learn that letters for him are collected two or three times a week.

"I've never seen any professor here," admitted an old worker at the premises.

Of course not. "Professor Ra Kastraka" is only a name used by somebody else to impose on the public.

How good notepaper can be used in these times for pushing such fee-snatching schemes is another matter entirely—and one for the Salvage authorities.

The Irish Mail Needs Watching

ALTHOUGH it is definitely illegal, tickets for sweepstakes conducted in Eire for local charities are constantly reaching people in Great Britain.

The recipients, who may never have heard of the senders, are asked to sell them and remit the funds to addresses in Dublin, which are obviously those of interested distributors.

People who carry out these instructions are committing an offence under our lottery acts, and, of course, there is no guarantee that the moneys collected will ever reach the promoters.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week's award of £1 1s. goes to P. Shuttleworth, Derbyshire Avenue, Stretford, Lancs.

Write to me about any matter calling for inquiry, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

A Rochester reader who has written to me about one of these books raises the interesting point that if they can come through so easily, is there not a grave possibility that information prohibited by the Defence Regulations is also getting over?

The laws governing the censorship of mails between this country and Eire are certainly very diverse. The General Post Office tells me that the only way its officials can stop letters containing sweepstake tickets is by opening *all letters indiscriminately.*

Yet only a restricted number of people appear to be regularly engaged in their despatch!.

The General Post Office, on the other hand, has nothing to do with Defence Regulations, which come under the jurisdiction of the Home Office and the Ministry of Information!

Without my saying any more, there is surely room for tightening up here?

How Far Can the R.A.F. Blitz Extend?

AS the new R.A.F. attack on Hitler's war industries develops, places considered perfectly safe up to now will be menaced.

Factories in France are merely on the doorstep. It is quite possible that Flying Fortresses will be able to reach as far as Hungary.

It is almost certain that the Nazi arsenal in Czechoslovakia will be under fire from the skies before long, for it includes what are probably Germany's biggest production factories.

Chief of them is the Skoda Works at Pilsen, where more than 30,000 Czech workers, driven by German supervisors, guarded by the dreaded S.S. Black Guards, are turning out arms and munitions for Germany.

There, also, are the Kladno Steel Works, the vast Wittkovits Iron Combine, the Brno Machine Factory, and the Bratislava Ruda Works—to mention only the most obvious targets.

Threat to Hungary

Flying Fortresses could span the Continent and carry their mammoth bomb loads towards Hungary, where the Manfred Weiss factory helps the German war effort.

They could go to Rumania and "reduce output" at the Malaxa and Reshitza works, two of Goering's richest industrial spoils, which are producing steel for U-boats, guns and munitions.

In Oslo and Bergen in the North, in Bulgaria in the South of Europe, Hitler hopes to transform natural water power into electricity to keep his factories going.

A few successful attacks on the principal transformers would paralyse whole industrial regions.

And what a harvest the R.A.F. would reap if it penetrated Austria!

Ruhr and Rhine industries, for which British bombing attacks on Western Germany have made life and work impossible, have happily settled down—workers, equipment, managers and all—in unhappy Austria. Thousands more slaves have been imported from Poland and from the Balkans to satisfy the labour demand of this expanding centre of German industry.

Awaiting the Bombs

But now Goering's giant factory in Linz (30,000 workers), the Hirtenberg munitions factory in Vienna (10,000 workers), the widespread industrial districts of Wiener Neustadt, Karpfenberg Graz, Leoben (many hundred thousands of workers), have to face the possibility of a British blitz.

Vienna's oil dumps and refineries, the industrial boroughs of Simmering, Ottakring, Brigittenau and Floridsdorf would be "for it."

Add to these targets the sources of Europe's raw materials which would be open to attack: the iron ore centres of Lorraine, the copper mines of Bor in Jugoslavia, the Dombrova mines in Poland. The list could be continued almost indefinitely.

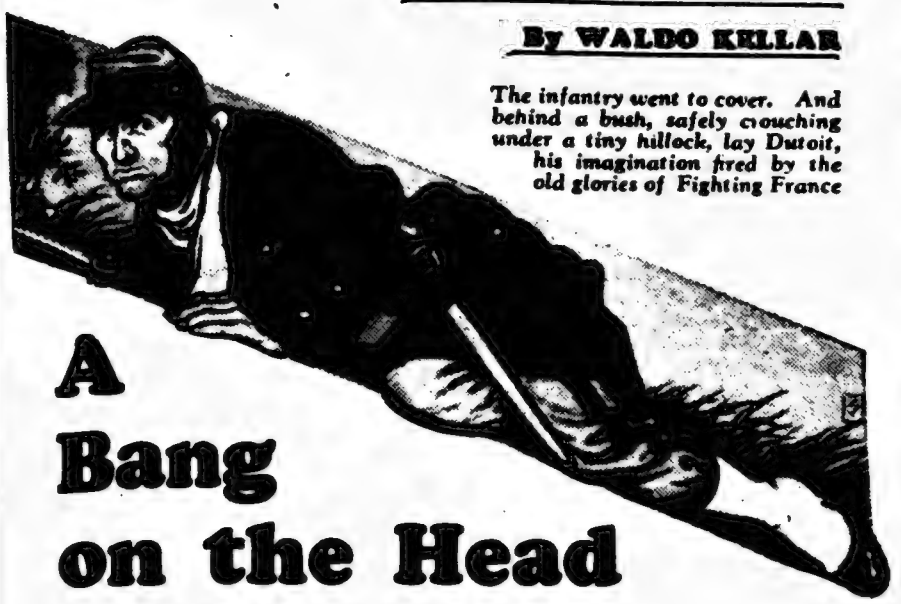
A vast plan has been drawn up by the leaders of German industry to exploit these European facilities to the full now.

The R.A.F. could make it impossible for these plans ever to materialise.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

STRANGER THAN FICTION

By WALDO KELLAR



The infantry went to cover. And behind a bush, safely crouching under a tiny hillock, lay Dutoit, his imagination fired by the old glories of Fighting France

A Bang on the Head for Dutoit . . .

IS Time a dream?

There was an old man who died just before France fell, and he might have thought so, if he could have known what had happened to him.

His name was Dutoit, and he died at the ripe old age of eighty-nine. The joy on his face was wonderful to see. He was one of the happiest men in France in the moment of his death.

For seventy years he had been free from all earthly care. His life ended in a blaze of triumph, for he saw the realisation of his one great hope.

He was an old soldier. His military career had lasted about twenty-five minutes, not counting a period of training.

He was involved in one of the historic battles of the world—the Battle of Sedan, in 1871. You know what happened then. The French army, sold, betrayed, and ill-equipped, went out to meet the gathered might of Prussia under Bismarck.

Napoleon the Third was Emperor then—a fool blown up with pride.

Sedan was a scene of horror. The Germans were always clever at the use of spies and the purchase of traitors. They had bought Bazaine, the greatest of the French generals. The great mass of French infantry went out singing.

It was the old, old story. "To Berlin; To Berlin!" they shouted. But Napoleon III had neglected to buy the fine new cannon that the Krupp factories had offered him. He felt, no doubt, that there were more pleasant ways of spending his country's money.

Prussia, you may be sure, had not overlooked the possibilities of the newest kind of heavy artillery. The French infantry marched into a shattering blast of cannon-fire. They went down like skittles.

The Prussians were sending over shells of a new and dreadful killing-power. The French artillery replied, out of the mouths of obsolete cannon.

The infantry went to cover.

And behind a bush, safely crouching under a tiny hillock, lay Dutoit and two others.

Dutoit was a mere boy, a student of music who also loved history. He was a frenzied patriot. His imagination had been fired by the old glories of Fighting France.

He used to dream of the splendours of victory under Napoleon the First. He felt that somehow this other Napoleon would revive the glories of France and the Empire.

But his companions began to grumble. One of them said: "What does that pig of a Badinguet think he's playing at?" (Badinguet was one of the third Napoleon's nicknames.)

The other said: "The Prussians are hacking us to bits with their blasted big guns, and we are lying here like animals waiting to be slaughtered."

But Dutoit replied: "Be quiet. This is war. In a war you don't run forward all the time. Sometimes you watch and wait. Do you realise that we are France? Do you realise that we cannot lose?"

"Bah!" said the first man.

Shells screamed overhead. The second man said: "They're getting close. . . ."

Dutoit went on: "Have courage. What, are you men or mice? Our fathers were in worse holes than this, but they fought through. Where is your spirit?

"But where is our artillery, comrade?"

"It will come"

"Where are our reinforcements?"

"They will be here."

"Where is Bazaine?"

"Rest assured, Bazaine is on his way with a hundred thousand good little soldiers!"

The first man said: "In my opinion, we've lost Sedan."

Dutoit replied: "Nothing of the sort. We'll win, here as elsewhere. Mark my words, comrade, the Battle of Sedan will be ours; a French victory over the damned Prussians!"

"French victory my eye!"

"I swear to you that at any moment we shall hear the Advance. . . . We'll tear into those Prussian guns and silence them, and push on, and win. Sedan is as good as ours."

The other man said: "Bah!"

"You wait a minute," said Dutoit.

And perhaps thirty seconds later a shell came whining overhead, and moaning down. It burst twenty yards away. Dutoit rolled over and lay still.

And then the French lines broke. There was a hideous retreat under a murderous storm of gunfire. The Prussian cavalry came through. France was betrayed and beaten.

THAT day, Dutoit was dragged into the temporary headquarters of the medical officer There was a wound in his head. Only the scalp was torn. The bone was intact.

Dutoit was unconscious, but breathing quite regularly. They bound up his wound, and left him to recover consciousness.

A day passed. A week passed. Dutoit's head healed. Yet he did not come out of his coma. He lay still, like a man asleep. He was taken to a hospital.

A month passed. He still slept. He was sent home. He slept on. As he slept they fed and washed him. He lay motionless except for the rise and fall of his chest.

A year passed. The war was over, lost. Governments changed. Dutoit slept.

Such cases are not unknown to medical science; there was a Scots sergeant, wounded at Waterloo, who slept for thirty years.

The human brain is an unknown quantity. A touch can overthrow it, or suspend its conscious life.

Dutoit lived on at home. Years went by. He was a recurrent newspaper-story. His case made minor medical history. The family of Dutoit died out. He was taken to a hospital again.

The hospital was condemned and pulled down. They moved Dutoit. He never knew.

The century turned. The telephone came. So did the motor-car. He was unaware of this.

SOME crazy men tinkered with little engines and frameworks of cane supporting wings of silk. They thought they could fly! The world laughed. Dutoit slumbered. Man flew! The world marvelled. Dutoit slept.

The Dreyfus affair shook France; but not Dutoit. Queen Victoria died in England; he never heard about it. Presidents and Prime Ministers came and went. Dutoit stayed in bed, blissfully unconscious.

There was a mutter of rumour . . . a roar of rage. Germany was on the march again, and France and England were in arms against the Kaiser. France spoke of 1870, and revenge. People remembered Sedan; but Dutoit had forgotten it.

1914 . . . 1915 . . . 1916 . . . 1917 . . . 1918. A howl of exultation shook the world. Germany had crashed. The Allies were victorious. The thunder of the Kaiser's guns had made Dutoit's bed tremble. But he slept through it all.

France went mad with rejoicing. Dutoit remained still, deeply sleeping. His beard had grown more than 2 ft. long. The hair of his head had fallen out. But his face was calm and healthy.

Once in a while he opened his eyes, but saw nothing, and slept.

Peace swept Europe . . a peace more nerve-racking than a war. Germany sank to the depths. Out of the great sadist underworld there came a wild-eyed man with an absurd moustache and a crazy book

He was named Hitler. He became the Fuehrer. France became grave and thoughtful. Dutoit slept on.

Germany rearmed. The rest of Europe went into a frenzy of weapon-making. Everybody knew that war was coming again . . . again with Germany. But not Dutoit.

Munich sent Europe on tip-toe. Dutoit lay flat. It was coming! Poland! The world crouched, waiting. Then war broke again.

Goose-stepping jack-boots crashed along the roads of France again. The great guns roared. Under a screen of treason the Nazi armies swept down. The Allied armies tried to fight.

The French artillery thundered again at Sedan. The Germans rolled over them. The French counter-attacked.

And Dutoit was dying, of sheer old age.

They watched his bedside. His heart was limping slower.

It happened one morning.

A young doctor, standing over the old man, saw him open his eyes. And to everybody's amazement, Dutoit spoke, for the first time in enty years.

He said: "Where are the Prussians?"

Taken by surprise, the doctor stammered: "We have counter-attacked and driven them back from Sedan."

"I told you so," said Dutoit, with a sweet smile; and he closed his eyes and died.

Human Machine

GOOD ENOUGH!

If you were asked to make a list of the most obvious failings of the human being, no doubt you could produce one of almost any length.

It is doubtful if your list would contain the one failing that is really outstanding. You probably would never think of it. We're all much too prone to it to notice it.

That failing is a far too easy tolerance of the second-rate. We're all too readily satisfied with competent mediocrity. We say smugly, "That'll do," when we should be scowling and muttering, "I can do better than that. I'll try again."

It is always possible to do a thing better the second time. We all *know* that.

But only a very few would be willing to *admit* it, for we might be asked to do it a second time—and wouldn't that be awful!

This habit of complacency, of being too easily satisfied, is purely mental. Its other name is spinelessness.

It doesn't sound so good, called that, does it?

Yet what else is it?

How can anyone with real backbone, real ability to stick to a job, real ambition, real self-respect, be satisfied with anything short of the best?

Be honest! You know they can't!

Never be satisfied with anything but the best.

You may not always get the best, but you'll get it more often than if you never tried.

IS YOUR DUSTBIN HELPING HITLER!

JOHN BULL reporters interviewed twenty representative dustmen last week, and asked them: "What are people doing now that they can be punished, with imprisonment or fines for wasting paper?"

Said the dustmen: "Twice as many people are pushing paper into their dustbins that they used to burn or throw away—and they think they're doing their duty to the fighting men."

★ ★ ★

Now your own dustman will tell you what this means. In short, it is giving Hitler a helping hand.

If your local authority owns the most perfect paper-extractor equipment ever designed, it can hope to retrieve only a tiny percentage of the paper deposited in its bins.

And the number of authorities that own such extractor plants is very few.

So we may as well tell you what you do when you cast your paper into the dust-bin.

Throw away an old novel, and you have robbed the country of a shell container.

Push a 7d dry-soap container among your rubbish and you have stolen a 25-pounder shell case from the national armoury.

Two twenty-size cigarette cartons and you have deprived an aero-engine of its dust-cover.

And a popular monthly boys' journal left among the ashes means the loss of raw material that would provide one of the most important components for a mine

Even six old cigarette cards, to-day, will provide a war-machine with a washer.

★ ★ ★

And, best help of all, go to your local authority and ask them to make you Salvage Steward for your street.

It is a really important war job.

Some local authorities haven't had official intimation of the scheme, as yet.

Never mind. Pay no attention to official dilatoriness. Leave your name. Say, "Let me know as soon as you've heard of the scheme."

If they don't let you know after a fortnight, tell us. We'll do the rest.

Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

FRIENDLESS BECAUSE SHE'S SHY

By HUMANIST

I carry along for a certain time, and then I feel I could scream at anything

A GIRL of nineteen has set me two problems, both of which are only too common with people of all ages.

I work in a filling factory somewhere in England, *she writes,* **and since being there I find I have become very short tempered. I carry along for a certain time, and then I feel I could scream at anything.**

I have been working for 18 months now, and am beginning to be afraid that I shall always be bad tempered. The place gets on my nerves.

Please don't think I am grumbling, because I am not. But if you can tell me how to cure myself, I should be glad. There are no girls of my own age hereabouts, so I go around by myself a lot.

I should also like to know how I can overcome shyness with boys and strangers. When I see them coming, I feel like running away.

The girl's life is spent in alternations of bed and work. Everybody needs to have some recreative interest in life. Otherwise the routine, repetitive work will prove exasperating, and she will want to snap at everybody who comes near her.

Her lack of friends is due to shyness, which is such a bugbear to her. I have recommended a useful 1s. book about the mastering of shyness, and I am willing to give particulars to any other young man or woman who sends a stamped addressed envelope. (Perhaps I should add that I don't know the author and have no financial interest in the firm.)

There are two things to be said about shyness as a problem. The first is that the victim must be dead honest about it.

The second thing is to rid the mind of the idea that everyone is criticising. The plain fact is that they are not. The victim only imagines it.

This fear of being constantly criticised makes it impossible to be your real self, and forces you to hide behind a barricade of reserve.

When you don't worry about what people are thinking, your real self will have a chance.

HERE is another version of the problem from the mother of a boy of ten.

Although he is full size for his age, *she says,* **he has a most unreasoning fear of other boys. He has been in a class with boys two years older than himself, and this has given him a bad inferiority complex.**

He is not afraid of the dark, of thunderstorms, of animals, or of anything else—except other boys.

He had a nervous breakdown last Christmas.

His father is in the R.A.F., and has been on the move ever since the lad was born. The consequence is that there has been a frequent change of schools. Altogether there have been eight since he went to his first in India.

Can you help me with any suggestions as to how to overcome this morbid fear of his fellows?

It is not difficult to guess the cause of this trouble. Eight different schools in four or five years! It is always an ordeal to be a "new boy," but this lad seems to be a new boy all the time.

A suggestion I offer in all seriousness is that the boy should be taught boxing. The father should be consulted first, but if he agrees (and I think he will), the lessons should do much to give the boy self-confidence.

He need not become aggressive, but if he has the assurance that he can give a good account of himself in an emergency, he will be able to look other boys in the eye without cowering.

NOW for a different sort of problem, which comes from a young man.

Two years ago, after working long hours under exacting conditions, he developed a bad attack of pleurisy, which unfortunately led to tuberculosis.

Sufferers like myself know only too well the agonies of mind and body this curse inflicts, *he writes,* **particularly when one is in the early twenties.**

I only hope that unthinking people will remember this before they make those insinuating remarks and cast those contemptuous looks of which I have had bitter experience.

Many of my fellow-sufferers have had the same. We would give our all to be in khaki and in robust health, but we are conscious of being outcasts.

One can only offer sympathy to a young man who has fallen a victim to this scourge, and the idea of treating him as a slacker would not occur to anybody who knew the truth.

The young man is not in khaki, but he is fighting a battle against an insidious enemy.

The cheerful thing to tell him is that at his age there is every chance of a complete recovery. But it takes time, patience, and courage of the highest kind.

Now that we have conscription for the Services, the white feather distributing brigade would be better employed in feathering themselves.

DO RIGHT

BE true to the best, that is Life's greatest test, it's much harder to do than it seems, for the World's pretty grim, and our chances are slim, and realities break up our dreams. Disappointments abound, hopes get dashed to the ground, and our Faith becomes stretched on Doubt's rack, but if we hold fast all tides turn at last, and worth-while things come flowing back.

BE true to the good, though you're misunderstood, and your ideals are mocked and despised by people who cheat and who trade in deceit, for Honesty gets penalised. Laughter gets lost, and tears pay the cost, and Happiness fades beneath Hate, truth gets pushed aside, while Lies flauntingly ride right up to the Judgment Gate.

BE true to the best and put all your zest into holding to things you believe. Keep your face to your goal and Heavenward your soul, and don't wear your heart on your sleeve. Don't rely upon Luck, and don't have any truck with Temptation's glittering fare. Walk the Way of the Light, do the thing that is Right, and you'll find on that road GOD IS THERE. J. M.

Soviet Children

SMITH FAMILY, MOSCOW — and their boys and girls—are playing as important a part in the fight against Hitlerism as the front line Russian Troops

By JOHN CASHEL

"LITTLE MOTHER" Anna Petrov, of Smith Family, Moscow, stands jauntily on the hearthrug, arms akimbo, declaiming the Guerilla Oath.

I, a citizen of the great Soviet Union, promise not to lay down arms until the last Fascist on our soil is destroyed. . . .

I promise unreservedly to obey all orders of my commanders and strictly to observe military discipline. . . .

I promise to help the Red Army in every way to destroy the rabid enemy, sparing no efforts nor life itself. . . .

Should I, by weakness, cowardice, or evil design, violate this oath and betray the interests of my people, may I suffer a shameful death at the hands of my comrades. . . .

"Huh! How's that?" she asks older brother Mikhail—the other half of her audience, baby Nina, being too young to know the answer!

Anna, fifteen-year-old scholarship girl at a secondary school, destined for technical college or university, would gladly forgo all this if they'd only accept her as a volunteer to be plane-dumped in the enemy rear.

"Oh, shut up!" says Mikhail. "You haven't a hope of becoming a guerilla yet. Many older girl volunteers at the universities are before you on the waiting lists."

Their New Idols

Children of Anna's age—yes, and younger—are guerilla crazy. Their new idols are little guerilla heroes and heroines, glorified in the children's newspapers.

Anna, a Pioneer herself and before that an Octobrist, volleys back at Mikhail that eight- to ten-year-old Octobrists and ten- to sixteen-year-old Pioneers are doing as much to beat the Hun as the Komsomols (Young Bolsheviks), which at sixteen he was old enough to join.

From the age of eight these Soviet children became country-conscious. They took the oath of loyalty.

They also became humanity-conscious, learning that children of all countries, races and creeds are brothers, and in total war this ideal still stands except for those who invade their country.

Anna and Mikhail laugh proudly at the Pioneer exploits that scared two Nazi Field-Marshals into issuing Orders of the Day solemnly warning their armies to beware of Soviet children.

One of the marshals, Von Kluge, who tried to enter Moscow along Napoleon's road, found railway lines blown up in his rear.

"Special vigilance," he told his troops, "must be exercised over little boys and girls, members of the Pioneers, who snoop around everywhere. Any one of them caught on the railway line is to be shot on the spot."

What a tribute to these small snoopers!

In peace time they identified themselves by wearing a red neckerchief clasped by a badge bearing the slogan, "Be Prepared!" Now they have adopted another slogan, coined for Mikhail's older Komsomols: "Don't wait for orders, find your own tasks!"

Boy and Girl Heroes

One of Anna's Pioneers, Kolya Andrianov, was awarded the Order of the Red Star for making his way through the German lines under heavy fire and reporting his observation of gun positions, resulting in the Germans in his village being wiped out.

Another, Genya Savin, aged fifteen (we show you a picture of him), joined a guerilla detachment with his father, and several times carried valuable information to the Red Army.

Every hero Anna matches with a heroine.

She names the peasant girl, Shura Moskovtseva, who raced through a hail of Nazi bullets to a Soviet tank and warned the crew the road was mined.

She cites thirteen-year-old Manya Pyrenko, who, when her mother was hanged in the village of Novo-Selye for refusing to reveal the whereabouts of her guerilla husband, was herself questioned by the German commander and given some sweets for promising to tell him everything.

Smilingly she watched him pick up a clasp-knife, sharpen his pencil, and prepare to write down her evidence. Then she seized the knife and stabbed him.

The Nazis executed her.

Soviet troops, recapturing the village, failed to find her body. But near the hut where she was interrogated they erected a modest memorial with a wooden cross bearing a red star and the inscription: "To Manya—from the Red Army."

From the Beginning

What sort of care and education has made children love their country like this?

It begins before they are born.

In the educative pre-natal clinics for their mothers.

In the modern maternity hospitals where, in the towns, four of every five children are born.

In the maternity holidays and benefits extending over nine weeks.

It is carried on in the crèches, with nearly a million beds.

In the kindergartens, where the number of children increased tenfold to over a million.

In the summer playgrounds, where those spending six weeks of their holiday in the country or by the sea grew seventeen times to over three and a quarter million.

In the primary and secondary schools, where thirty-five million children in the last peace year received a free, universal and compulsory education from the age of eight to fourteen.

Thereafter, parents contribute according to their means, unless their children win scholarships or are singled out for possessing special talent.

Many thus pay for technical school

...Hitler!

hildren, who multiplied over twenty imes to nearly a million, and for the 00,000 in the universities.

Anna Petrov recounts other ways than uerilla fighting in which they are eturning thanks for all this.

She points across the room to the gas-mask she wears when on A.R.P. duty. She produces souvenir incendiaries which she put out in neighbours' homes.

When the order went forth, "Make each home a fortress of defence!" she helped dig ditches, equip air-raid shelters, see black-out rules observed, collect bottles to be filled with petrol and used as "fire-bottles" against Nazi tanks.

She tells an amusing story of a fellow-ioneer, Tanya Mikheyeva, who felt nsulted when a collective-farmer put er team of volunteer girls on to easy obs.

"We wish," she said, "to be considered s adults and ask for no privileges."

Anna, like all Pioneers, has her own lub, with dance-room, theatre, lecture all, laboratories, workshops, scientific nd technical study rooms, libraries. loscow's central Pioneer Palace, they ll it, and there are seventeen district ioneer Houses as well.

Children's Newspaper

She has her own newspaper, "Pioner-aya Pravda" ("Pioneer's Truth"), ith a million circulation. She is one thousands of readers who contribute it, inspired by Father Stalin's maxim, Writers are the engineers of human uls."

She has never received corporal punishment at home or at school, as this is a criminal offence. Were she caned or beaten, she has the right to summon her parent or teacher for assault.

For outdoor diversion she visits ildren's Town in Moscow's four-and-a-

Fifteen-year-old boy guerilla Genya Savin. He is mentioned in the story

half-mile-long Central Park of Rest and Culture, and takes baby Nina into its Tiny Tots' Town.

She has the choice of ten smaller "universal provider" parks in the city, and of twenty-eight others exclusively for children.

The "Central" alone contains six theatres, one seating 20,000, and offers her everything from athletic fields to science labs., parachute jumps to ballet, path-finding games (for prospective guerillas!) to discus-throwing (for prospective grenade-throwers!).

These parks—every town in Russia, and even the larger collective-farms, have them—are, with the sports clubs, the cradle of Soviet physical culture, which, by wise and ingenious foresight in peace has helped defence in war.

So Smith Family, London, will read in my final article—

NEXT WEEK:
How Russia Got Fighting Fit!

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WHY NOT ACTION THIS YEAR?

While Lord Bennett and other Government-invited speakers critise the nation's morale, the plain truth that the public are tired of hearing the ord "defence." Talk of invasion is still rrent. There is talk of the "defence" Australia, of Burma, of Ceylon, of dia, and even of Egypt.

We should get into the habit of talking "offence" and following it up by tion. Then morale would stiffen. ople's eyes would become brighter. ere would be a quickening in the pace production.

WHY ONLY ONE RAID?

One Commando raid on France showed what could be done every day several points of the coast. If we ve enough barges ready for constant ids, they should be started immedi-ely.

We now have in Britain many more rcraft than the Germans have in rance, this because the Russians com-l the use of Nazi 'planes against them. ere is ample "umbrella, cover" for r raiding parties.

This is the hour!

AN A.R.P. OVERHAUL DUE?

There have been no air raids to speak of, for nine months. Yet htly vigil is maintained throughout country by wardens, fire guards, the tional Fire Service, control centres, bulance parties, Home Guards, and molition squads.

While the Government calls out for re war workers, it is incredible to think that all these branches of A.R.P. duplicate each other's work—and in a crisis—when their spare time could be used on war production if each centre were turned into a miniature factory.

As 77 per cent. of our industry is done by firms employing twenty-five men or under, much could be done by hundreds of thousands of men and women now merely standing by or polishing brass.

WHO IS PLAYING GERMANY'S GAME?

● In this, the testing hour, when mutual understanding is of vital import, a few people have done the Allied cause infinite harm by indulging in unfair criticism of another country or dominion.

Australia has received, on what it feared was the eve of invasion, exaggerated stories of luxury, idleness and waste in Britain.

A few American journalists, with William Randolph Hearst as the worst offender, have done their best to give fresh birth to Isolationism by pretending that the European war is a side-show and that the only thing that matters is the Pacific coast.

We could all say much in criticism of each other.

But the truth is we are all in it together. Australia should remember that without our Fleet she would have been destroyed by Japan years ago.

America should remember that our control of the Atlantic safeguards them.

And we should never forget what American help in arms and food has meant to us.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WHAT use will be made of India's teeming millions of men should Japan attack? We do not know the full answers to these questions—as yet. But that we are doing something is shown by a letter to his parents in Newtown Road, Eastleigh, Hants, from their son, 2nd/Lieut. Oliver, now in India:

One morning last week we went to see an Attestation Parade of Indian troops.

This is for men who have just passed their recruits' training.

They are drawn up in threes, in platoons, and after inspection by their colonel a platoon marches forward and closes round the flag-pole.

The Union Jack is then lowered, and each man grasps it and repeats some sort of oath.

Next they meet their own priest, who says a prayer for them, after which each man receives his regimental colours (the "flash," as it is called) to hang on his topee.

When every platoon had gone through this performance there is a grand march past, with bands playing.

Next day we went out to see them training. Quite new recruits were taking lorries over the most difficult roads I have ever seen in my life—up incredibly steep slopes and down worse ones.

★ ★ ★

STARTLED THE GUARD

"I've captured a German air pilot," begins the letter of Gunner Last, on duty in England, to his parents at "Torville," Linkstor Road, Woolton, Liverpool. He goes on:

I had been sent out on a motor-bike to find a plane that had crashed, and, thinking it must be British, omitted to take a rifle.

I was proceeding through fog at two in the morning when I saw an enemy airman climbing through the hedge.

I was about one yard from him when he threw up his hands and turned round to be searched—which I did.

He asked me whether he was in England, and I confirmed the fact. He asked me whether his machine had been destroyed, and seemed pleased when I said (guessing, of course) that it was.

Then he asked for news of "mein Kamerads mit Parachute"—and not until later did I know there had been four other men in the machine, who had baled out.

It was worth a gold clock to see the face of our guard when I rode in with a Jerry airman (the pilot, at that) on the pillion of my motor-bike.

My prisoner gave me his iron rations as a souvenir of our meeting, and I'm bringing them home with me.

★ ★ ★

COMPRESSED CABBAGE!

And in a letter written while British guns were roaring near by, Trooper D. E. Link writes to friends at 10, Rushton Road, Desborough, near Kettering:

We have got some Australians near, and they put up a bottle for some aiming practice with a rifle.

My chum crept out and got it with the first shot.

It was interesting to watch the Aussies. They couldn't make head or tail of where the shot came from.

I don't think the Jerries like this country. Some of them are covered with sores, due to lack of green vegetables. But we are getting vitamin tablets which keep us well—and my skin is as clear as crystal.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

I KNOW where three big ocean-going ships which never go to sea are moored within 1,000 yards—for the training of sea-scouts, etc. How many good ships are we allowing to "dodge the column" like this?—H. N., Blackfriars Road, S.E.

★ ★ ★

Cloth Service badges wholesaled at 2d. each, retailed at 1s. 6d. Who's supposed to put down profiteering?—J. S., Gladesmore Road, N.15.

★ ★ ★

You can get china statues, book-rests, etc., in the shops, but not casseroles, more useful now that you can't buy saucepans. A look at most shops shows that too much useful material is wasted on fal-de-lals.—Mrs. D. M. K., Sneyd Green, Stoke-on-Trent.

★ ★ ★

Millions of people want goods, can't get them. Millions more have those goods, would rather have the money for war loan. Establish clearing-houses, guaranteeing the seller a fair price (say 90 per cent. of sale price), and you could close down 30 per cent. of the factories not manufacturing for war purposes.—Mrs. W., Puckeridge, Herts.

You Won't Find Any Red Tape Here!

THE country houses of Britain, the country homes and villages, are wide open to the Civil Defence Workers—the "fourth arm" of H.M. Forces.

The Red Cross has gone modern. Its newest department, run for the A.R.P. services, is there to provide free rest, free holidays, free convalescence.

Week-end guests welcomed by Lady X at her "stately home" somewhere in England are ordinary folk, overdue for the holiday they can't afford on A.R.P. pay.

The warden and his wife, spending a happy week-end with Mrs. Y, a farmer's wife in Somerset, are a couple from Bristol.

The stretcher-bearer from Merseyside, in a convalescent home in North Wales, told the department about his gastric trouble.

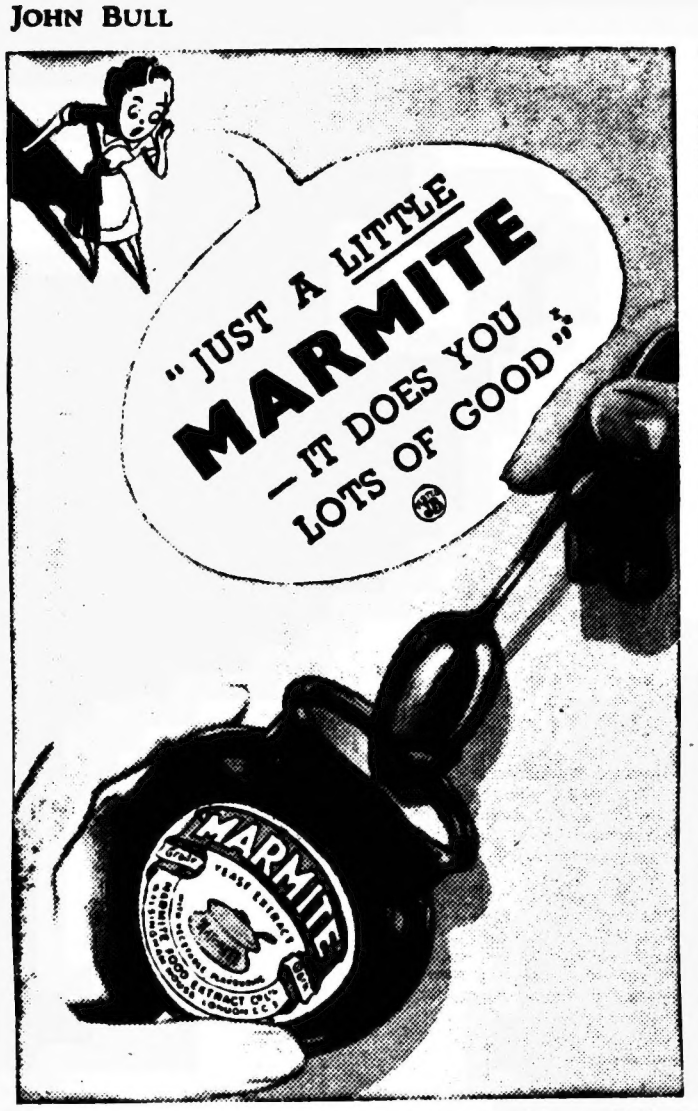
Immediately, without any forms to fill in and without having to hack his way through tangles of red tape, he was sent away, free and trouble-free, to a special diet and cheerful surroundings.

Do *you* need a holiday or convalescent treatment? If so, ring Sloane 9951, or go to the Civil Defence Workers' Rest Dept. at 6, Cadogan Square, S.W.1.

Or, if you live outside London, send a postcard, and you will be given the address of your nearest branch office.

That's all.

They'll do the rest.



THE LAST LAUGH

N. K. (Atherstone).—"I know a professional goalkeeper who gets a bonus when no score is registered against him." In the form of saving certificates?

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I have a good memory and can place a face anywhere." You will no doubt admit, however, that the old-fashioned method of placing it just above the neck is the most satisfactory.

E. B. (Chingford).—"A novelist has stated that he will not write any more books until after the war." In fairness to him it should be pointed out that this declaration was made before the wasting of paper became a punishable offence.

S. C. (Farnborough).—"I once saw an Indian fakir who had held his arms outstretched so long that he had lost the use of them." You should mention this to your wife the next time she wants you to hold the wool for her to wind.

A. V. (Christchurch).—"Some people like to wake up with a start and some with a kiss from the wife, but do you know what I like to wake up with?" Another hour left to stay in bed.

M. G. (Sheringham).—"According to a recent Rome broadcast, Italian sailors are simply dying to come out and challenge the British Navy." Well, that's another way of simply dying.

SEEDSMAN (Gravesend).—"Seeds will be scarce and of an inferior quality this year." We will break this news gently to our neighbour's fowls.

MRS. Y. (Motherwell).—"I like to make a cup of tea just before I go to bed, but do you know what my hubby makes when he comes home late?" Excuses.

S. P. (Nuneaton).—"When do you think the big spring offensive will start?" Well, as the wife has been prowling round the house eyeing untidy drawers and cupboards, it shouldn't be long now.

TRADESMAN (London, S.W.17).—"It is surprising how many people go out of their way to avoid settling their accounts." You mean they go out of your way.

D. M. Y. (Frome).—"Political figures have disappeared because they were not fired with enthusiasm." We disagree. They have disappeared because they *were* fired with enthusiasm.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What do yer mean? You 'ad the tommy-gun all last week, didn't yer? It's my turn now!

H. A. (Chepstow).—"It has been disclosed that an Army cook was a concrete mixer in civilian life." Apprehension expressed by members of his unit regarding the pudding course was happily quite unwarranted.

T. N. (Isleworth).—"I put my watch back by mistake." We hope you haven't lost the ticket so that you can get it out again.

F. T. (Rotherham). — "The masseur who attended me kept me very amused with his jokes." Of course he is used to pulling people's legs.

S. N. H. (Preston Park).—"I once saw Goering at a sporting fixture in Germany, but he didn't seem to be enjoying himself." Was he jammed in the turnstile?

O. R. (Putney).—"In the production of food in this country there must be no sitting down on the job." Except, of course, in the case of hens.

BAKER (Birmingham).—"White bread will disappear this summer to be replaced by brown, but black bread is not expected." It never is. Burnt toast is due to sheer absent-mindedness.

C. U. (Earlestown).—"In what way does too much alcohol affect people?" Some see things and others get blind.

Side-Slips

THE GLASGOW TIMES:—"A FAG was hoisted on the Castle to indicate that Norwegian sovereignty had been restored."

LOUTH AND NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE ADVERTISER: —"One bed had evidently been slept in by someone wearing BOATS . . ."

THE IPSWICH EVENING STAR:—"Mr. ——— has appointed ———, the former Epsom trainer, to be private trainer of his HORSES."

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W. Swainston, 12, Montrose St., Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks. (Example: FOR ALL THE WORLD / Bullet: MASTER PLAN? "MASTER'S" PLAN!

£20: Capt. J. Haldin, Edengrove, Lotham Rd., Perth. Example: Healing Criticism

£10: W. J. Toms, 57, Eaton Ave., Bletchley, Bucks. Example: Must Be Made / Bullet: "Concrete," Three Post-war "Roads."

£5: E. H. Love, 17a, Westgate Tce., Kensington, S.W.10. Woman In The Factory—How "Minding Liberty's House."

£4: G. B. Patrick, 21, Astley Cres., Quinton, Birmingham. Must Be Made—Stronger, "Approaches" To Info.

£3: Miss D. F. Post, 146, Auckland Rd., Potters Bar, Middx. Reinforcements—For Interpolation's "Forces," Losses.

£2: W. P. Williams, Clorach, Llanerchymedd, Anglesey. Thing To Remember—Freedom's Cure By *Night*.

20s.: W. Lambert, The Limes, Carleton, Pontefract, Yorks. We Want To Know, Why—And When—And—*Bang!*

20s.: T. Prentice, Royal Fountain Hotel, Canterbury. Lost In The Jungle—Sonny's Parted—"Sahara," Dad's!

20s.: W. T. Upton, 16, Evelyn St., Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent. Thing To Embrace—That Self-denial We Hate

20s.: J. Watson, 34, Meadow Rd., Pinner, Middx. National Scandal—Housework? No—Black Market!

20s.: R. N. Wright, 8, Elm Rd., Berkenhead. How's The Time To—Hope And *Thread*.

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

GREATEST OF THESE

● "I enclose photo taken in the last war in 1914," writes Frederick Pickering. Now both he and his wife are existing on their old-age pensions. They were bombed out of their home in Coventry. When able to work, he is a farm labourer, but throughout this terrible winter he has had three attacks of double pneumonia and pleurisy, and it is unlikely that he will ever be strong enough to work again. To add to his distress, his wife is going blind.

One of his brothers is a prisoner of war, while the other is serving in the R.A.O.C

Their relatives do what little they can to help, but unfortunately all have a very hard struggle to make ends meet.

Readers who wish to help these deserving citizens are asked to send donations, earmarked "Farm Labourer," to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Every penny you send will be passed on to those in need, for all administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

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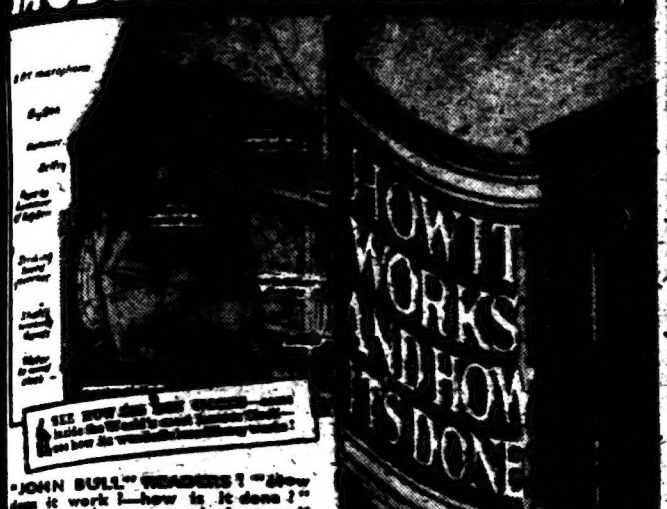

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CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, epigram and originality. Rounds First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, that in this case being epigram and accuracy of answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £25 Cash award between Runners-up. Not more than one Reward Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Reward in cash, not gratuity. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Rewards shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 3d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Reward columns used. Two Reward coupons FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated April 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for BULLETS

PRIZES Value over

FIRST PRIZE—£50 CASH

Others: £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

EXTRA DAY TO POST—See Coupon

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

THE BRITISH LION
WINNING SPIRIT
HIT THEM HARD AND
MISTRESS OF THE SEAS
STRONG ENOUGH
IN OUR MIDST
HELPING HITLER
WAY TIME'S WASTED
ALL WE ASK IS
TAKING THE OFFENSIVE
IN INDIA
PAYING
IN THE BLACK MARKET

QUITE UNNECESSARY
SINKING SHIP
HER SWEETHEART
NO TIME
MADNESS
ONE BY ONE
HEAVEN HELP US IF

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

MAN WHO NEVER.....
AVALANCHE OF.....
RUNNING INTO.....
SAFE FROM THE.....
GRANDPA'S .....BUT
WHY WE CAN'T.....

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,314 appears on page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value.....

To.....

Closing Postmark 1,318 noon APRIL 7

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,318—or Xword No. 270, "JOHN BULL," LOVE HOUSE, LONDON, W.A.2 (Comp.)

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE MEAL-TIME DRINK

THAT IS A FOOD AS WELL

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. It has a delicious, tempting, chocolatey flavour. Ask your grocer for Rowntree's Cocoa and make it your regular meal-time drink.

JB

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

Prices:
quarter-lb. 5d.
half-lb. 9½d.

and so can You!

Beecham's Pills act gently and naturally on the system—they ensure a healthy, regular bowel action. They tone up the stomach, cleanse the liver, purify the blood. No matter whether you are of the active or sedentary type—you'll find in Beecham's Pills your golden rule of health. Get some to-day!

Purely vegetable

Beecham's Pills

JB

Prices in Great Britain
(Including Purchase Tax)
1/4 & 3/3 per box
Also in Pennyworths

Worth a Guinea a Box

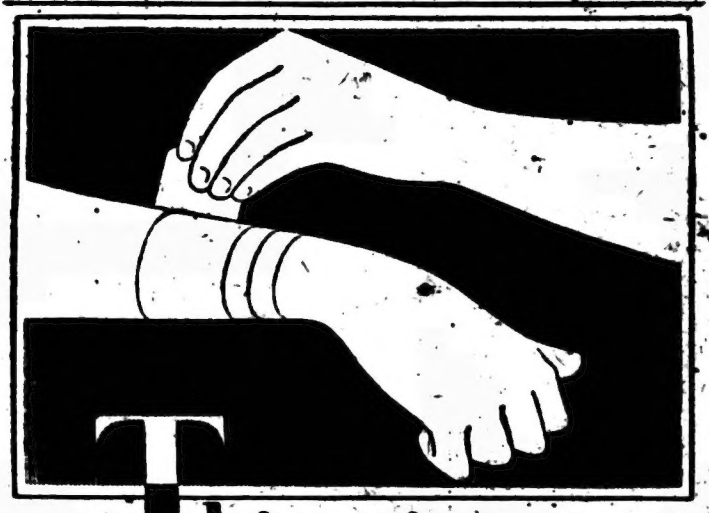
"Now listen . . ." whispered Sikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket and throwing the glare full on Oliver's face, "I'm a-going to put you through there. Take this light . . ."

GOOD LIGHT
Characterised by Mazda

Even the wicked Sikes knew the value of light. "Take this light . . ." he said, knowing it would help Oliver Twist in more ways than one. Now, more than ever, we need the stimulus of good light in our homes. It is also a comforting reminder of the brighter times which will return. Mazda Lamps give good light at very low cost.

MAZDA
COILED-COIL LAMPS
The Nation's Light

JB



This ointment
fights for you

It is to destroy the germs of skin infections that Dettol Ointment has been made. This ointment is active. It kills germs. It contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol'—the antiseptic upon which surgeons and doctors hourly rely in our great hospitals and operating theatres.

Here, then, is an ointment which fights for you. It not only calms the irritation but, because it is actively germicidal, destroys the germs of septic infection. From the moment you apply it, and whenever you renew it, this ointment works to keep you free from re-infection while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on.

Dettol Ointment is recommended specially for the treatment of:—
BOILS, WHITLOWS, CARBUNCLES, IMPETIGO, SYCOSIS (Barber's Rash), HERPES (Cold Sores), SEPTIC ECZEMA. In cases of obstinate VARICOSE ULCER (Bad Leg), success has been remarkable.

From your chemist 1/5 includes tax.

DETTOL Brand OINTMENT
HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

CB/VG

WHISKERS CANCELLED OUT

by the OLIVE OIL SHAVE

- Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- Softens the beard in one minute.
- Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

7½d. 1/3 1/10½d. *Including Tax*

JB

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J.B.L. 221 ★ 208